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THE GITANA.

Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.

IX.—(Continued.)
CIUDAD - REAL WINE
AND ESTREMADURA
HAMS.

On seeing the peril that menaced them the five sailors lost no time in shoving off their boat, which they succeeded in doing when the Spaniards were only a hundred yards from them. The young man, however, remained alone on the beach.

"Look sharp, Philip," cried his comrades, who had already settled in their seats. "We have no time to lose."

"Comrades," he returned, "this is a cowardly thing we are doing—to go and leave this young fellow who saved my life to the mercy of those ruffians," and he pointed to the goat-herd, who stood motionless, leaning upon his stick, in a perfectly nonchalant manner.

"Well, let him come with us," cried the sailors, "only make haste about it."

There certainly was no time to be lost, so the young Frenchman unceremoniously seized the goat-herd and carried him to the boat. They were only just in time. Propelled by eight strong arms the boat glided off just as the crowd of infuriated Spaniards reached the water's edge. Baulked of their prey, they broke into a storm of imprecations, hurled a few stones after the retreating figures, and returned cursing at their ill-luck.

The young sailor had placed his new friend by his side in the stern-sheets.

"What is your name?" he asked, when they were out of danger.

"José Rovero. And yours?"

"Philip Le Vaillant." And after a moment's silence he added, "You saved my life, do you know that? I am your friend for life. Give me your hand."

The goat-herd did not understand Le Vaillant's unrecognizable Spanish, but seeing his outstretched hand he grasped it and shook it heartily.

Three-quarters of an hour after the boat reached the "Marsouin."

The rest of the story may be briefly told. The goat-herd, having no ties to bind him to his native land, willingly accepted the offer of a berth on the "Marsouin," where Le Vaillant and himself became sworn friends. Philip taught José French, and José taught Philip Spanish.

Young Le Vaillant belonged to a family in easy circumstances at Havre. His father earned a living as a boat-builder, and one of his uncles, a childless widower, owned a small fortune made in business. Philip himself had taken service on the "Marsouin" to learn navigation and seamanship, in order to fit himself to command a vessel. He was fond of the sea, and possessed great business capacity. He had always evinced a taste for study, and his education, though far from complete, was very much in advance of that of an ordinary sailor. His thirst for knowledge was fully shared in by José, whose teacher Philip became, and in a few months the young Spaniard, who was gifted with a brilliant intellect and unwearyed ap-



"QUIRINO THREW THE PEARLS ON THE FLOOR AND CRUSHED THEM UNDER HIS HEEL."

plication, knew everything his comrade could teach him.

Two years passed, during which the friendship between the young men daily increased. At the end of this time Philip lost both his father and his uncle, and succeeded to an inheritance of about twenty-four thousand dollars—in those days a very considerable sum. He now gave up the idea of becoming a sea-captain, and settled at Havre in his father's business, but instead of confining it to boat-building, he considerably enlarged it, and devoted himself more especially to ship-building. It is hardly necessary to say that José became his right hand, his other self, as the Romans had it.

Under the management of the two young men the business prospered. Philip's property rapidly increased, and in ten years he found himself one of the wealthiest ship-owners in Havre.

One day he drew José aside, and announced his intention of demanding in marriage the hand of the harbor-master's daughter. His selection met with José's highest approval, and the interview closed with a characteristic scene. "Now, my friend," said Philip, "it remains for me to put my affairs in order before my marriage, and to settle my accounts with you."

"Your accounts with me!" cried José in astonishment, "what do you mean?"

"It is the simplest thing in the world. Until now we have had everything in common, as was only just. Now it is different. I must let my future father-in-law know the exact figure of my fortune, and to be able to do this I must separate it from your share."

José burst out laughing.

"Faith," said he, "that is easily done. You know as well as I do that with the exception of the little savings your generosity has enabled me to put by I possess just nothing."

It was Philip's turn to laugh.

"My poor José," he exclaimed, "what a ridiculous mistake you are making. Do you know that for ten years past you have been my partner?"

"Your partner, Philip! How can that be? You had all the money and I brought nothing into the concern."

"Nothing, my good José! Is your intelligence nothing? Is your untiring zeal nothing? Your unwearyed activity and unceasing care, are these nothing? This is the first time, José, I have heard you talk nonsense."

"But even so," returned the Spaniard, "these qualities of which you make so much you possess in at least an equal degree with myself, and in addition you had money."

"Money! money! money!" cried Philip, almost angrily; "what idea is this you have got into your head? I thought you would argue in this manner so I took my precautions. In bringing my money into the concern I established the business on most unequal conditions—altogether in my favor. In all justice the fortune we have acquired should be divided into two equal parts, one for each of us. Instead of this I have divided it into three, of which I keep two. What have you to say now? You see, I have robbed you."

"Well," returned José, "that portion which you insist upon handing over to me, to how much does it amount?"

"At present our house owns three millions, therefore, according to this arrangement, your share is a million."

"A million!" cried José, almost stupefied. "You are going to hand a million over to me!"

"How many times must I tell you, you obstinate fellow, that I am only making over to you what is yours by law?"

"You can say what you like; but I tell you that I will never accept it."

daughter of a rich Cuban planter, and with his friend's consent the partnership was dissolved, and he settled on his father-in-law's estates near Havana.

Thus José Rovero, the poor goat-herd of Cadiz, became the wealthy, the envied, the respected Don José Rovero, the richest merchant of Havana.

X.

We must now pass over a space of several years. Philip Le Vaillant is the father of a handsome boy, named Oliver; and a charming daughter has blessed the union of José Rovero with the Cuban planter's daughter.

The two friends, notwithstanding the distance that separated them, still preserved the ancient friendship for one another, though the fresh ties they had contracted gave them little hope of ever seeing one another again.

One day Don José learnt in conversation with the captain of a French vessel that his old friend had been compelled to go into bankruptcy by the failure of two great financial houses with which he had had dealings, and was almost completely ruined. The Spaniard was no man to take half-measures. The very next day one of his vessels sailed for Havre bearing a letter for Philip Le Vaillant, of which the following is a transcript:

"What is this that I hear my old friend, my more than brother? You have been overtaken by misfortune, and you never sent me word that you needed assistance? How great is my affection for you you may judge inasmuch as I yet find it in my heart to pardon this unkindness."

"Esteban Gallina, captain of one of my ves-

sels, who is the bearer of this, is commissioned to let you have as soon as he arrives a sum of four million livres in gold. I reconstruct, on my own authority, our old partnership, which, you will remember, was dissolved at the time of my marriage. On this date the firm of Le Vaillant & Rovero once more comes into existence.

"It is needless for me to add that all drafts drawn by you on me will be duly honored, and that I make myself responsible for any engagements you may enter into in our names.

"Time does not allow me to write at greater length, so I conclude by assuring you of my unbroken friendship.

"JOSÉ ROVERO."

It is hardly necessary to relate the consequence of the opportune aid Le Vaillant received from his friend. He was speedily enabled to settle with his creditors, and in a few months the house of Le Vaillant & Rovero had assumed its old standing.

One would imagine that José Rovero no longer considered himself under obligations to his friend; that the assistance he had given the latter in the time of his need wiped out the debt of gratitude he had contracted at the beginning of his career. But this was far from being the case. Don José still insisted upon the obligations under which he lay to his friend.

Let us now return to the rich Spaniard, whom we left praying for an extension of life until the arrival of a long-looked-for letter from France. This letter was an answer to a long communication Don José had sent several months before to his friend. As it throws some light upon the actual position of the reputed wealthy merchant it is well to reproduce it at full length:

"HAVANA, February, 1769.

"Pardon me, my old friend, if the lines I am about to pen give you pain. I should have wished to make you a sharer only in my joy, but, alas! at the present moment I have only misfortunes to relate to you.

"You are unable to believe what you are reading, are you not? You, who know that the name of rich José Rovero has become a household word; you, who think that the loss of my beloved wife is my only sorrow, you cannot understand me when I speak of misfortune.

"Listen, Philip, and believe me when I tell you that the most miserable man on earth is myself, the being for whom you have the greatest brotherly affection.

"This is true, Philip, for what can be compared to the misery of an old man who, having lost an adored helpmeet, lavishes the whole power of his affection on his only beloved child, and yet knows that he is about to leave his darling alone in the world, poor and unprotected.

"Such is my fate, my friend.

"My misfortune may be told in a few words: I am ruined and I am dying. I can count, if not the days, at least the months that I have yet to live, and my immense fortune is so completely involved that not only will nothing be left at my death, but, alas! my very memory will be dishonored.

"No one in the world, my friend, is acquainted with this double secret. You are the only living being to whom I have communicated it. My poor child is happy and unconcerned, in blissful ignorance of the storm that will so soon burst upon us.

"I must tell you, first of all, how it is that I am so surely dying, and why no one suspects the existence of my secret.

"The disease under which I am suffering has its seat in the heart. It is three years since I first became aware of its insidious attacks. Since that time it has increased in intensity; it now never leaves me, never gives me a moment's repose; it tortures me continually. Every day, and several times a day, I suffer the most hideous torments; as though a vulture were tearing at my breast, as though my heart were being seared with red-hot irons; muscles and nerves stretch and stiffen until they are like as to break; notwithstanding my most vigorous efforts I am unable to restrain my tears and cries.

"When the crisis approaches I shut myself up in my own room that no one may see my weakness.

"Some months ago I happened to hear of an aged man, half-physician, half-hermit, by whose wonderful healing powers thousands of persons in the last stages of disease had benefited. He had taken up his residence in the interior of Brazil, whither the sick daily flocked in crowds. I lost no time in visiting him, and a month after I had heard of his existence I reached his abode. Over five hundred invalids were encamped in the neighbourhood. From one of these, a poor devil afflicted with epilepsy, I bought his turn for a hundred dollars. I was received by the physician, who questioned me, examined me at length, and told me that my malady was incurable, that it was impossible to save me, but that he could give me a little relief. I was to return the next day. The next day he gave me a small metal goblet and a crystal phial filled with a red transparent liquid.

"When the pain is so acute," he said, "that it seems that you can bear it no longer, pour a few drops of this liquid into the goblet and drink it. The crisis will pass away at once. Use, but do not abuse the remedy, for this red liquid contains a vegetable poison which calms but which when taken in any great quantities is deadly in its effects."

"I took the phial and asked:

"How long have I to live?"

"Do you wish to know the truth, whatever it may be?" he asked.

"Whatever it may be," I replied.
"You have a year to live at least; at most fourteen months."

"Then I am sure of my life for a year?"

"Yes, but when the three hundred and sixty-fifth day closes, make ready for the grand journey, for death will be upon you."

"This is what the physician told me. At the time I write, my friend, four months have passed since this fatal prophecy. When you receive this letter eight months will have gone by. And by the time your answer reaches me the last month of the year will be at its close. It may be that this very letter will be detained by stress of weather, and then your reply will reach here when I am no more.

"And yet, Philip, I would willingly give the half of the days I have yet to live to read your reply before my eyes are closed for ever."

"Now you know how and why I am condemned to death. It remains for me to explain to you my financial misfortunes. It is a simple but sad story, and a few lines will suffice to tell it.

"You know that my fortune (for which I am indebted to you, my brother) was immense. I owned ten millions. A strange implacable Fate has weighed me down, as though the Almighty in his anger had resolved to destroy me.

"Within the last four months five of my vessels, each carrying a cargo of immense value, have been lost. These disasters are not yet known in Havana. I received the intelligence from private correspondents who had them from eyewitnesses.

"This is not all. How much truth there is in the old saying that misfortunes never come alone!"

"On my plantations, which passed for the most productive in the colony, I had nearly ten thousand slaves. Among them there are poisoners at work!"

"It is not perhaps known in Europe that the blood of the Borgias, of the Voisins, and the Brinvilliers sometimes is found in negro veins. These monsters, and they are neither few nor far between, have only one desire, one delight, one pleasure; that is, to kill by poison. With these wretches the murderous desire is untameable, unquenched, it is a passion which nothing can satisfy. They live in happiness surrounded by corpses of their own making. Any kind of prey is welcome to them. They spare men as little as beasts. A single negro poisoner on a plantation is the ruin of his master, for among so many it is impossible to discover the criminal. The other slaves, if they knew him, would die in preference to denouncing him.

"Well, my friend, this criminal epidemic, this horrible scourge, has made its appearance on my plantations. One third of my slaves have already died, another third are languishing away, and the remainder will soon be smitten in their turn. Everywhere I find inaction and discouragement, where it used to be all movement and zeal; suffering and death where happiness and contentment were wont to prevail; silence instead of singing, ruin instead of prosperity.

"So you see, my friend, that my position is really and completely beyond hope; and nothing in the world can save me. For a few months longer I can sustain my credit, so the crash will not come until after my death.

"I have calculated with the most scrupulous care what can be realized from the wreck of my fortune. Here is my statement: When ships, plantations, houses, furniture, slaves, and cattle have been sold and the proceeds applied to meeting my engagements, my liabilities will still be two millions, which it will be impossible to meet. My daughter, my Annunziata, will be left poorer than the poorest beggar-girl in Havana, and the name of José Rovero will be a dishonored name.

"Now, Philip, was I not right? And think you that there is a more miserable man on this earth than me?

"It is in your power, however, my friend and my brother, to afford me a great consolation in my last hours, and sure I am you will do it, for of your love I doubt no more than I doubt the eternal mercy of God.

"Write me that you will be a father to Annunziata, that you will receive her in your house, that you will love and cherish her as though she were indeed your daughter — write me this, Philip, and I will die blessing you, and forgetting, I hope, all that I have suffered, all that I have yet to suffer.

"Farewell, my brother. 'Twere needless to remind you of my affection. For forty years long you have known it.

"Farewell once more, and this time for ever.

"JOSÉ ROVERO."

Such was the letter, at once touching and sublime, in which the old man, already with one foot in the grave, begged a home and a little kindness for his child from the friend whom he had succoured in dire necessity.

In the first chapter of our story we stated that a vessel flying the Spanish flag was lying becalmed outside the port of Havana. This vessel, when off the Cape of Good Hope, had been hailed by the captain of the "Marsouin," of Havre, which having been damaged in a storm was unable to continue her voyage. Her captain had been persuaded by him of the "Marsouin" to alter his course, which lay for Buenos Ayres, and make for Havana, where he was to deliver to Don José Rovero a sealed packet confided to him by the French captain—the owners of the "Marsouin" being held responsible for any loss sustained by the owners of the Spaniard through delay in delivering the cargo.

During the whole night the Spanish vessel lay wind-bound off Havana, and it was only in the morning, when a favorable breeze sprung up, that she was able to make port.

To return once more to Don José, whom we left seated in his easy chair with his face buried in his hands. His bitter thoughts were soon interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Who is there?" he cried rising and hastily wiping his eyes.

"It is Pablo, señor."

Don José opened the door.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Señor, a sea-captain is in the *salon* who wishes to speak to you."

A gleam of hope shot over the old gentleman's countenance.

"Is it a French captain?" he asked.

"No, señor, Spanish."

Don José's face fell.

"But," continued Pablo, "he brings letters from France."

"At last!" murmured Don José, pressing his hands upon his beating heart. "My God, thou hast heard my prayer." And murmuring his gratified thanks he hurried into the *salon*.

"Have I the honor of addressing Don José Rovero?" asked the captain.

"I am Don José."

"I have here a packet which I was commissioned to place in your hands. But before I do so let me tell you how it came into my possession," and in few words the Spaniard related the story of his meeting with the "Marsouin" and the errand he was induced to undertake. He then handed to Don José a small packet on which the latter recognized the handwriting of his friend.

"I am extremely grateful to you, señor," said the merchant, striving to conceal his emotion. "Permit me to hope that during your stay here you will make this house your home."

"I should only be too willing to accept your hospitable offer," returned the captain, "but it is my intention to weigh anchor to-night."

"You must permit me then," said Don José, drawing from his finger a magnificent ring set with diamonds, "to present you with this trifle as a slight token of my gratitude for the service you have rendered me."

The captain made no difficulty in accepting the gift, and left the house blessing the good luck which had brought him across the "Marsouin."

On being left alone Don José hastened to his chamber, locked himself in and tore open the precious packet. Inside was a letter which ran as follows :

"Of all the misfortunes you tell me of, my brother José, one only gives me real concern, and that is the story of your cruel sufferings. But I am loth to put any credence in the prediction of your Brazilian hermit. The man, you say, is a savage, although he is a clever man. We have here in France many physicians of far greater skill than he, who are able, I promise you, to cure you, and that right speedily, for I expect you and your dear Annunziata without delay.

"As to your fears on pecuniary matters, they are, permit me to say, simply absurd. You owe two millions. What are two millions? Are not my millions yours, my good José? Your must decidedly be losing your memory.

"In this manner will we plan our future:— As soon as you arrive at Havre you will despatch a confidential agent to Havana, who will put your estate in order and pay these two miserable millions about which you are tormenting yourself so needlessly. This done, you shall for the third time become my partner, and we will never leave each other.

"No, we will part no more. Why should we, since we shall form but one family.

"José, my old friend, my dear brother, let me ask you for my son Oliver the hand of your daughter Annunziata.

"PHILIP LE VAILLANT."

As he read the last sentence Don José uttered a piercing cry and fell senseless on the floor.

XL

THE SPY.

The next morning, thanks to the strengthening regimen that had been prescribed for him, Tancred de Nacar found his strength so completely restored that the very idea of keeping his room was unbearable. When Don José (whose attack had not proved serious, for joy seldom kills) entered his room he found him up and dressed, but in a state of great despair over the sad condition of his dress. Indeed, in a dusty, bloodstained coat and a hat that had been beaten out of all resemblance to a hat, he made anything but the brave figure he had cut on the beach two nights before.

"Senor," he said, as his host entered, "I pray you to add one more to the many kindnesses for which I am indebted to you."

"In what is it in my power to oblige you?" asked Don José, smiling.

"I was about to ask to be presented to the Señorina Annunziata, the guardian angel who saved my life when I was lying for dead in the road. But I would rather die a thousand times than go into her presence in this unseemly condition. Permit me, therefore, señor, to return to my lodgings in Elio Sandric's house and array myself in a fitting manner before returning to place my sincere but humble thanks at the feet of the Señorina."

Don José could not help smiling at this outburst.

"My dear chevalier," said Don José, as he conducted his young friend to the garden gate, "remember that my house is at all times open to you, and that you will always be welcome."

"To you, señor, I make no doubt, but to the Señorina, I am afraid not."

"And why, pray?" asked the merchant in astonishment.

"Did you remark the coolness, I might almost say the repugnance the young lady manifested towards me?"

"I only remarked the timidity of a child who is not accustomed to the ways of the world."

But go; do as you will; my house is always open to you."

"Oh! señor, how shall I ever thank you. Could I but have an opportunity of expressing my gratitude! But that must be for some future time. I will go now, and return as speedily as may be."

"Stop, stop!" cried the merchant, "I cannot permit you to go on foot in this guise. Wait one moment, and I will order round the *volante*."

The young Frenchman broke into new expressions of gratitude, which were hardly terminated when Pablo announced that the *volante* was ready.

The *volante* is an extremely quaint vehicle, still in use in Cuba, but having no counterpart outside of the island. Imagine the body of a gig hung on two poles which extend an equal length behind and in front. At the hindmost extremity of these poles are two enormous wheels, overtopping the hood by more than a foot. The horse is harnessed to the other end of the poles at a distance of six feet from the body of the gig. Such is the Cuban *volante*.

The *volante* in which our hero was about to be conducted was magnificently ornamented with silver mountings, and the horse almost disappeared beneath the rich caparison. The animal was ridden by a negro postilion gorgeously got up in a scarlet coat with gold lacing, white pantaloons reaching to the knee, dazzling white linen, silver spurs, gold-laced hat and silver-mounted whip.

As the Frenchman jumped into the vehicle his host called to him—
"Do you know the route you have to follow to Elio Sandric's house?"

"Perfectly. Why do you ask?"
"Because you will be obliged to direct your driver. Here in Havana the *caleseros* are accustomed to drive straight on, and never stop or turn unless they receive orders to do so."

"The deuce! How am I to manage?"

"It is simple enough. When you wish to turn to the right you cry, *a la derecha*; to the left, *a la izquierda*. Would you stop, *arrima*; to go on, *segua*."

"Very good. Then, *segua*!"
The *volante* set off at full speed. As it passed into the street a man who had been idly leaning against the garden wall looked up, and recognizing the Frenchman, without more ado swung himself up between the two wheels, behind the hood and out of sight of either the occupant of the vehicle or the postilion. He was a tall, bony individual, with a black bandage round one eye and a broad-brimmed sombrero pulled over his face. It was Morales, brother of Carmen, the dancing girl.

The Frenchman carrying out his host's orders the equipage finally stopped before the humble abode of Elio Sandric and Yvonne his wife, both honest Bretons, and dealers in marine stores. The worthy couple had been duly notified by Don José of the whereabouts of their charge, whom they now greeted with as much ardor and affection as if he had been absent a year.

When the *volante* stopped Morales slipped down, and with the utmost nonchalance joined a group of idlers who had gathered round the vehicle, admiring the richness of its appointments. At the end of half an hour Tancred reappeared, dressed in the elegant costume of a naval officer of the time, and jumped into the *volante*. His appearance was the signal for a murmur of admiration, and Morales, profiting by the excitement, regained his perch as the *calesero* whipped up his horse. When they reached Don José's gate he again slipped down and took his way homeward, murmuring between his teeth—

And I assure you that you can count on Annunziata's good-will as you can on mine. When you know her a little better you will soon be good friends."

"I thank you, señor, for your kind words. They will encourage me to pay you an early visit."

"Once more I assure you that you will be welcome."

Tancreo pressed the old Spaniard's hand and went his way.

"How adorably lovely and graceful she is," he thought. "How sweet it would be to kindle in those magnificent dreamy eyes the first gleam of love; to draw from those rosy lips the first avowal of a heart newly awakened to love. Ah! if I were rich! If I were an admiral! If I were only a marquis! I feel that I could love her, that charming young girl. But what could I offer her in exchange for her father's millions, I, a poor officer, possessed of no fortune but my name and my sword? Come, come, I must not think any more about her, I should be afraid to let my thoughts dwell on her."

Let us now rejoin Morales as he crosses the threshold of the hut in which he and his sister have their abode.

Carmen, who had been sitting with her head hid in her hands, deeply occupied with her own thoughts, rose as she heard the door open, and advanced towards her brother.

"Well?" she asked eagerly.

"A little patience, caramba," expostulated the musician. "I'm warm; I'm tired; I'm thirsty. Let me sit down and give me one of the bottles on the shelf there. Then I'll talk."

Carmen hastily poured out a glassful of liquor for her brother, who was fanning himself with his sombrero. Then undoing the bandage over his eye he emptied the cup, refilled and emptied it again, rolled and lighted a cigarette, inhaled two or three whiffs of smoke which he expelled through his nostrils, and finally, finding himself tolerably comfortable, threw his left leg over the right and addressed his sister.

"Now I am at your disposal. Question me and I will answer you."

"First of all, have you any news?"

"I have."

"Good or bad?"

"That depends on the way you look at it."

"You speak in riddles."

"Bah! you'll understand me just now."

"How is the injured man?"

"He is as well as you or I, your injured man. He is so well that he is running about the streets."

"Did he come out?"

"Yes."

"And you saw him?"

"Saw him! Caramba, I should think so. You should have seen him playing the grand in Señor Don José's carriage. He was superb. Ah! he is a fine looking young man."

"Was he alone?"

"Quite alone."

"Did you follow him?"

"Of course I did."

"Where did he go?"

"Home."

"Then you know where he lives?"

"On the quay, with a French marine store-dealer."

"And did you leave him in the house?"

"No. He only remained long enough to change his dress for a full dress costume."

Carmen started involuntarily, but continued her catechism.

"What costume did he wear?"

"The uniform of a naval officer. He could not have been better dressed if he had gone a courting."

Carmen turned pale.

"And then?" she said.

"And then he got into the carriage again, which was waiting for him at the door, and was driven off to Don José's house, where I left him."

"In that case then he is at this moment with the Señorina Annunziata."

"I am not acquainted with what goes on inside the house, but it seems to me that your supposition is perfectly reasonable. You remember what I said to you the other day? 'The Mexican has done the Frenchman an immense service, and it is not unlikely the attempted murder will end in a wedding.' Well, I have not had reason to change my opinion."

For some moments the girl sat in a reverie. Then she raised her head.

"So you think, Morales, that the Chevalier Tancreo de Najac will marry the rich and beautiful Señorina Annunziata Rovero?"

The Gitano replied with a nod.

"And you see no method of preventing the marriage?" continued Carmen.

Morales burst out laughing.

"I see one method," said he, "but only one."

"And that is?"

"Well, perhaps it would hardly answer, for it certainly is a little strong."

"What is it? Don't you see that I am dying of impatience?"

"Simply to give the young gentleman, or to get some one to give him, a neat little stab between the shoulders."

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"I have an idea," cried Morales, "a capital idea. Caramba, it just flashed across my mind, and I have no doubt it will please you better than the last."

"Well?"

"Instead of killing the young gentleman, we might assassinate the young lady."

Once more Carmen shrugged her shoulders.

"I know you are joking, Morales," said she in a tone that betokened disgust, "but your jokes are brutal. Any one hearing you talking in this

way would think you were the most ferocious man on earth. But I know better."

"Caramba!" returned the musician, evidently in a bad humor, "if you are not satisfied with my suggestions think for yourself."

"Thank you. It is a little late for that. I already have an idea of my own."

"You have an idea of a means for preventing the marriage of the Frenchman with Don José's daughter!" exclaimed Morales in astonishment.

"Yes, and a very good idea, too?"

"Well, I am not naturally curious, my dear sister, but I confess that I would willingly give a new dollar to hear it."

"So you shall. The surest way to prevent the marriage is to marry the chevalier to some one else, is it not?"

"Certainly."

"That is what I purpose doing."

"And to whom do you intend marrying him?"

"To myself."

Morales looked at Carmen in amazement, but the girl's face wore such a serious, resolute expression that he understood that she meant what she said.

For some moments he indulged in a fit of immoderate laughter, then filling his glass to the brim he emptied it.

"To the health of Madame la Chevalière."

XII.

WINNING AN ALLY.

Carmen waited until her brother's mirth had subsided.

"Let us talk sense," she said at last.

"With all my heart," returned Morales, "but in that case had we not better change the subject?"

"And pray why?"

"Because you have been talking, with the greatest coolness in the world, the most perfect nonsense ever heard; and, to tell the truth, I have had enough of it."

Carmen frowned, while her brother continued.

"If it were only necessary to listen to your prating, well and good. But when you come to giving me an active part in your dreams, and set me on the watch for a man, for all the world like a detective on the look-out for a thief; when I have to sneak around to get information and then to come home and give you an exact account of everything I have done, seen, and learnt, that is a little too much. It is a business which is infinitely wearisome, and which, in one word, does not pay—"

"Stop a moment," said Carmen.

"What for?"

"I want to show you that this business will prove far more remunerative than you have wit enough to discover."

The Gitano made a movement of impatience. Without noticing him the girl continued,

"Before speaking of the future let us look back a moment on the past."

"What is your object in reverting to the past?" asked Morales ill-humoredly. "Don't suppose that I have forgotten it."

"I do not wish you to imagine that I want to offend you, my good Morales, by recalling to your memory certain unpleasant truths. But what is to be done? In the present state of affairs we must call things by their right names. Between you and me you are nothing but a scoundrel."

"Oh!" cried Morales, fairly exasperated.

"Do you not agree with me?"

"Carmen, you are neither polite nor respectful."

The girl burst out laughing.

"Do you know you would have made a first class comedian. You have a most ridiculously solemn way of saying the most absurd things. But to return to our subject. You are a scoundrel; of this fact you have given no end of proofs, which have more than once brought you into trouble with the Spanish police-officers. For a long time, as you know, you were wanted, but you were too sharp to be caught."

Morales smiled triumphantly.

"One day, however, the luck went against you—"

"Alas!" sighed the Gitano.

"You were caught—"

"Unhappy day!"

"And hung," continued the girl.

Morales put his hand to his throat and murmured in a choking voice,

"For pity's sake, sister, no more on this subject. When I think of that horrible time I feel as if I had no breath left in my body."

Morales smiled triumphantly.

"And breath you had none at that time, my poor brother. If I had not raised a riot among the Gitanos of Pampeluna it would have been all over with you. As it was the rope was only just cut in time. So you owe me your life, my good Morales."

"And have I not given you ample proof of my gratitude?"

"Never!"

"Are you quite certain, sister?"

"Perfectly certain."

"Then it is because I have never had a chance. But believe me—"

"I believe you to be utterly ungrateful, and that I firmly believe. But it is not with the intention of appealing to your sense of gratitude that I bring up the past, but simply to make you understand how much it would be to your interest to assist me in my project. After your execution, which terminated so happily for yourself, Spain became too hot to hold you. We crossed into France, and while I earned a living

as a street singer and dancer you engaged in the contraband trade in the Pyrenees—"

"And an honorable business it is," Morales put in, "and I am not ashamed of it."

"Granted, but a less honorable business is that of a traitor who betrays his comrades to the revenue officers. This business you also engaged in, did you not?"

"Yes. My conscience would not permit me to abuse the hospitality of the generous monarch in whose realms I found a refuge. In betraying the smugglers I acted like an honest man."

Carmen shot a glance of profound contempt at her brother.

"The result of your conscientious scruples," she continued, emphasising the last two words, "was that we were compelled to leave France in order to escape the vengeance of the relations of the men you betrayed. You were dreadfully frightened, for like most rogues you are an arrant coward. So we took passage in the first vessel sailing from the nearest port, which happened to be destined for Havana. We have been here now six or eight months, and have been leading a miserable life."

"No, no," cried Morales, "I find our life, on the contrary, very agreeable."

"You do, eh? Well, I do not. I am sick of it. This dancing business disgusts me, and I will do it no longer, do you understand?"

"There is nothing easier than for you to give it up and marry Quirino. He will support you in comfort."

"I become the wife of that half-savage—a low poacher who lives in a hut in the woods!"

"You did not talk in that fashion some time ago."

"No, but I have changed my ideas. I once thought I loved him, but I find I do not. As I say, my ideas have completely changed, and my ambition aims higher than Quirino."

"Are you going to repeat what you said to me the other night—that nonsense about being rich and great?"

"Yes. I intend to be both great and rich, and you will see that I shall be."

"Ah, bah!"

Carmen put on her most winning smile.

"Listen, my good Morales," she said in a persuasive tone. "I was talking rather severely just now, but no one is more ready to do you justice than I."

"Faith, I don't doubt it."

"You have your faults."

"Who has not?" murmured Morales withunction.

"No man is perfect."

"But," continued Carmen, "you also have talents."

"Ah! several. In the first place I am a good musician, my voice is clear and flexible, and I play the guitar sufficiently well. I have a supple leg and a ready hand, and am an expert swordsman. At a push I can write poetry. In fact I have many strings to my bow."

"No doubt, but you are forgetting other things of a higher order."

"What are they? My modesty is so great that I cannot imagine—"

"I mean your marvellous spirit of intrigue, which, had you ever had the proper chance of displaying it, would have done much for you."

"Yes, that is true, what you say there. I have often thought of it, but unfortunately I never had the chance. My light is hidden under a bushel."

"A chance may yet arise."

"How so?"

"Don't you think, for instance, that if, instead of being a miserable Gitano here in Havana, obliged to hide half your face with a bandage, for fear some newly-arrived Spaniard should recognize you, you found yourself in Paris, suddenly metamorphosed into a gentleman of quality, a hidalgó of an old and noble race, and calling yourself, as you have a right to do, Don Guzman Morales y Tulipano, you could make up for lost time, especially if your connection with a few great families prevented any too curious inquiry into your antecedents?"

"Without a doubt. But the question is how to compass all this."

"It is very simple. My marriage with a French gentleman would realize all these fine suppositions."

"Ah!" cried Morales, smiting his fist on the table, and addressing himself to an imaginary by-stander. "You won't tell me any more, I hope, that women have no ideas! Now you get round to the old story of the Chevalier Tancreo de Najac."

"Certainly."

"Well, my dear sister, marry him. I

gourd of rum and a horn powder-flask hung at his sides, and at his back an ample game-bag.

The young man approached the table by which Carmen was sitting, and laid on the table a pair of *chincalacos* (a kind of red partridge, very rare, and highly prized.)

"I would have liked," he said in a musical voice, "to bring my well-beloved something better than this, but it is the heart that gives, not the hand."

Carmen acknowledged the present by a slight and not over gracious movement of the head.

Quirino searched a moment in his bag, and drew out a small box made of scented wood ornamented with delicately carved foliage. This he placed in Carmen's lap.

"What is it?" she asked with that curiosity which since the days of Eve has been transmitted as an inalienable inheritance from mother to daughter, and will continue to be so transmitted until the end of the world.

"Look."

Carmen opened the box. Nestling in a bed of cotton wool lay a couple of pearls of the finest water, quaintly mounted as earrings.

"Very gallant, indeed, faith, for a savage," said Morales to himself. "Two little trifles that are worth at least a hundred dollars. I have stolen enough of such things to know."

Carmen took the pearls and gazed at them with the interest that every true woman takes in jewelry.

"How does my well-beloved like them?" asked the young man.

"Charming," said the girl in a tone of indifference.

"They are not so pure as my well-beloved's eyes, not so white as her teeth, not so glossy as her brow" continued Quirino, "She should have stars for ear drops, but the stars are God's, and I cannot scale the heavens to fetch them. I have only these humble trinkets to offer—they are unworthy of her who should possess all the treasures of the Ocean. Will she, however, deign to accept them without despising them, for my poor sake?"

"My dear Quirino," replied Carmen coolly, "I should be sorry to hurt your feelings in any way. I accept with gratitude your game, but the pearls I cannot accept."

"Why not?" asked the young man with a troubled look.

"A present of game may be given and taken among friends, and Morales and I are your friends. But jewels like these—jewels of considerable value—in what relation do you offer them to me? In what relation do you wish me to accept them?"

"In what relation?" stammered Quirino. "I do not understand. I must have misunderstood you."

"Not the least in the world. I said 'In what relation?' and I repeat it."

"Is there then nothing between the daughter of Spain and the child of the forest?"

"There is between us, my dear Quirino, a feeling of which I spoke just now—a feeling of frank and sincere friendship, nothing more than I am aware of."

The Indian's bronzed countenance became faintly pale. However, he succeeded in restraining the cry of anguish and astonishment that rose to his lips.

"If my well beloved is trifling with the anguish of her slave, it is but cruel sport. Does she not see that her words cause me unutterable anguish?"

"I see that you appear to be in pain, but I am ignorant of the cause of your suffering."

"Carmen!" cried the hunter violently.

The young girl made no answer.

"Carmen!" he repeated in a lower and sad tone.

"Well, Quirino?"

"Is it possible that my well-beloved can speak to me thus? Has she already forgotten all?"

"What was there to remember?"

"If your heart is silent, at least your memory should call to mind your promise."

"My memory does not recall anything of the kind. I do not even understand what you are talking about."

"Your memory is treacherous. Shall I come to your assistance?"

"If it is any pleasure to you, Quirino, you may. But I warn you that you will be unsuccessful."

"Have I never told you that you are beautiful?"

"You were obliged, if not to say so, at least to think so."

"Did I never add that I love you?"

"You had a perfect right, if not to think so, at least to say so."

"Did you ever refuse to listen to me?"

"Did you ever happen to meet in your rambles in the woods a creature of my sex who refused to be told that she was beautiful?"

"Did you never tell me that you loved me in return?"

"Never!" cried Carmen vehemently. "No! never!"

"Have you never, at least, acted in a way to lead me to believe that you loved me?"

"How can I tell what fancies your vanity may put into your head?"

"I thought that you had given me your heart in return for mine—I thought that you were my affianced bride—that you would soon be my wife, and that my love would make you happy."

"Then, my poor Quirino, you were sadly mistaken."

Notwithstanding her courage, her audacity, we might almost say, Carmen was frightened at the expression of the Indian and the fierce

light that played in his eyes. She hurriedly continued:

"I beseech you, Quirino, not to be angry with me for being frank with you. If I were to speak otherwise than I have done I should be deceiving you, and would no longer be worthy of your respect. Since you do really love me, it is a misfortune, and I am sorry for it; I sympathise with you, but I am not aware of having in any way encouraged a love of the very existence of which I was ignorant."

The Indian made a rough gesture, as though he would have stopped her, but she continued without taking heed:

"Oh, I know what you are going to reply. You were about to say that I was not ignorant of the existence of your love, which you yourself had declared to me. Well, in that you are mistaken. I come from a country where gallantry is a totally different thing to passion. In Spain people continually make love without being in love. When a girl is young and beautiful, or even pretty, no one thinks anything of saying that he loves her. It is merely a polite attention. Well, Quirino, I swear to you I thought it was the same thing between us. If I have unwittingly encouraged your attentions, forgive me. I cannot be your wife, but I will be your sister. Forget your dreams, my friend. Content yourself with a large measure of my sincere friendship. Here is my hand in token of good faith. Do you refuse to take it?"

"Yes," said the Indian brusquely.

"Why? Do you wish to be my enemy?"

The Indian hesitated a few moments before answering. Unmistakable symptoms of violent agitation appeared in his face, which now wore a fierce and threatening expression. The girl was seriously alarmed. As for Morales, he had prudently taken refuge in the inner room, and had opened the window in case the turn of affairs should render flight advisable.

At last Quirino's countenance once more assumed its natural expression.

"So, it is true," he said, in his usual musical voice, "that you did not know that I loved you?"

"I swear to you that I was not aware of it," said Carmen.

"But now you know it. There is nothing to prevent you giving me your heart, since I have given you mine."

The young girl shook her head.

"Oh, do not answer just yet," continued Quirino. "Let me first tell you one or two things that you ought to know. Perhaps you are unwilling to become my wife because you are afraid you may have to work hard. If that is so you are mistaken, Carmen. My dwelling is poor enough, but not so poor as this. In my house you will be queen. If you want a woman to wait on you I will buy you a slave. I am richer than you think. In giving me the eye of an eagle God has bestowed upon me a real treasure. I am making a fortune by hunting. I have already a thousand dollars. That belongs to you. With it you can buy the kind of ornaments women like, and when that is spent, I swear to you you shall have more, that you shall never want for anything. Carmen, with me I am sure you will be happy. Carmen, do not give the death-blow to your happiness and mine. Be my wife."

These last words he uttered with profound and touching emotion.

In the next room where he was hiding Morales was so much affected that he wiped his eyes. It is extremely doubtful, however, if the operation was necessary.

"My friend," replied Carmen, "in order to be your wife and to make you happy I ought to love you, and I do not love you."

"But you will get to love me when you know me better."

"It is useless to indulge in such illusions. Alas, my poor Quirino, I feel that I shall never love you in any other way than as a sister."

"Then you reject my request?" hissed out the Indian.

"I must, for the sake of your own happiness."

"So," he continued slowly, fixing his eyes on Carmen, "by your innocent coquetry, as you call it, you kindled an unquenchable flame in my bosom, you turned the blood in my veins into liquid fire, and now you come and tell me that you do not love me and that you never will love me! I do not belong to your country, Carmen, that country where gallantry is a very different thing to passion. I am no Spaniard; I am almost a savage, but my tongue has never failed and my ears are not accustomed to distinguish between truth and falsehood. I thought that you loved me, for you gave me the right to think so. My life was so entirely yours that without you it is nothing. Listen to me, Carmen, and believe me, for I swear to you that what I am about to tell you will happen. I do not know if you will be mine one day, but this I do know, you shall never belong to another. The heart that was plighted to me shall never beat on a rival's breast. If you will not love me, at least you shall never love another. Carmen, I forbid you to love. I will watch you, watch you continually and closely. Wherever you go, I shall be there. You will not see me, but I shall see you. The Indian has the cunning of the serpent, he has also the poisoned sting. Take care, Carmen, the day that your hand touches the hand of a man, I will crush you both, him and yourself, as I crush the pearls I was so happy to offer you and which you disdainfully refused—under the bed."

As he uttered these words, with a calmness that was frightful to see, he took the pearls from the table, dashed them on the floor and crushed them beneath his heel.

"Au revoir, Carmen," he said.

"Not so, Quirino," said the young girl eyeing him keenly; "not au revoir, but farewe l."

The Indian walked slowly to the door and turned on his heel.

"Au revoir," he said in a threatening tone, and vanished.

Morales immediately left the inner room and joined Carmen.

The girl was standing erect, in a defiant attitude, her head thrown back, her arms crossed, her eyes fixed on the door that had closed behind Quirino, and her bosom heaving tumultuously.

"Ah, I knew it," murmured the Gilane. "I knew it only too well. This cursed savage, this infernal Quirino hates you now as much as he loved you before. He threatened you, and an Indian's threat is never in vain. These people, you see, have all the cunning of the serpent, he said so himself. He will follow you everywhere, he will be your shadow, and consequently mine. Ah! caramba! caramba! sister, in what a dreadful position you have placed us. Unless Our Lady of the Pillar and St. James of Compostella have pity on us, how are we to get out of this mess." And Morales gave a succession of deep-drawn sighs.

The girl remained silent. She did not seem to have heard her brother's lamentation.

"Carmen!" cried he impatiently.

"What is it?" she asked looking at him absently.

"Answer me. What do you think of all this?"

"I think that we are going to play a dangerous game, in which my life is at stake, and, consequently I have got to win."

"So you insist on it?"

"More than ever."

"Are you not afraid of Quirino?"

"Perhaps Quirino will kill me, but I am not afraid of him. Besides you are perfectly aware, you who know me, that I am not a girl who pales in the presence of danger, or flinches before a threat."

"Well, the die is cast. Since you insist, we must do it."

As he said this in a resigned voice Morales had snatched and picked up the remains of the crushed pearls and their gold setting, and put them hastily in his pocket, murmuring regretfully:

"Ferocious Indian! savage! brute! here is a hundred dollars thown away. Would it not have been a thousand times better to have given them to me since Carmen would not have them?"

(To be continued.)

UNDER THE BED.

BY HELOISE HARDINGE.

Tiptoeing through the parlor and peering through the blinds, I beheld the elegant Mrs. Primm, the very last person that I desired just then to see. True, we had met at a sociable a few evenings previous, and I had extended to her a pressing invitation to visit us; but I was not prepared to see her so soon. It was unusually warm weather, and baby Minnie and I remained en déshabillé all day.

I hastened back into the sitting-room to Mrs. Myers, a pleasant lady to whom we had let our chambers for the summer season, that I might not be lonely during the long days when husband was absent.

"Mrs. Myers," I hurriedly whispered, "for pity's sake do me the favor of answering the door-bell, please, for that very pink of neatness and propriety, Mary Primm, has called, and say, please, that I am not in, and I'll run up into your room, that you may be able to speak truthfully." So, hastily taking up Minnie, I tripped up into Mrs. Meyers' apartments.

Presently she appeared with, "Why did you not wish to see her?" "Why, what a plight I am in to see company," I exclaimed, "and to have Mrs. Primm see me thus would cause me to blush with shame. I have neglected everything that will be neglected, yet regret that I did not see her, for I have but recently made her acquaintance, and have asked her to call on me. She is a most charming little lady, and on the evening of the party I congratulated myself for having made her acquaintance. But really, I could not possibly see her to-day. What did she say?"

"She said she would step in to see her friend over the way, Mrs. Hunter, and that in the meantime you might return, as I informed her you probably would."

"But I cannot dress for her now; it is quite late and Minnie is so troublesome," complained I.

After a pause, Mrs. Myers quietly but playfully remarked, "What would you do now if she should come back, and come up here into my room. Would it not be a good joke?"

"I should say it would," said I. "But why do you think she would do so; she does not know you, or that any one but us live here."

She said, "Oh, I was only supposing a case."

"Very well," returned I, laughing, "supposing she should: I should run and hide under the bed, sofa, anywhere, for I am determined not to see her to-day."

Just then there was a gentle tap at the door, and just for the fun of it only, I pretended that I thought it was her coming, and, quick as I could, sat Minnie down on the floor and disappeared—under the bed.

What a situation! Soon as the door opened my repentance came, for in walked the veritable lady!

"What shall I do?" thought I as Mrs. Primm remarked very pleasantly, "Excuse me, but I thought as Mrs. H. might soon return, and as I was anxious to see her, I would come and sit with you awhile and await her coming, if you have no objections."

"None in the least," confusedly stammered Mrs. Myers, while she tremblingly placed a chair for her, and added. "Sit down, if you please."

Common topics, the weather, &c., were all that broke the awkward silence, while my own heart seemed to beat aloud. Ah, the agony of my situation can never be fully described. "What can I do? How can I be released from such a predicament? I shall die here, I know I shall. I can scarcely breathe! How long will she stay? Oh, dear, I will crawl out and confess all! But what will she think of me? I shall be the laughing-stock of the whole town!" These thoughts and more came crowding thick and fast into my poor brain, as I became more and more nervous every moment, and great drops of perspiration stood on my face, and I was almost exhausted for a breath of fresh air.

Said Mrs. Primm, "That child resembles Mrs. H.'s; is it hers?"

"No, it is one of the neighbor's children," replied Mrs. Myers.

"What a story," said I, to myself.

So on Mrs. Primm again asked, "It is a girl, is it not?"

"No, it is a boy," again fibbed Mrs. Myers, who was by this time so nearly distracted with anxiety that she did not realize what she was saying, and kept continually talking to baby and calling her Minnie — alarmed, fearing Minnie would get to crying, in which case she could do nothing with her; I fearful all the while lest Mrs. Primm should ask, "Why do you call the boy Minnie?" as I certainly would have asked, had I been in her place.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive."

After some moments, Mrs. Primm began: "I have been here an hour, and there seems to be no signs of Mrs. H.'s coming soon, and I am desirous of copying the words to a beautiful song she sang and played the other evening. Do you think you could find her music? and would she care if you allowed me to copy it?"

"No

to play for the stake, they may all pass, add something to the first pool, and deal again. If a player feels he has a strong hand he is termed the Ombre, and plays against the other two. Each has the option of being Ombre according to place at table. The usual way seems to have been for Ombre to name a suit as trumps, discard as many cards as the player pleased, and take an equal number from the pack. His adversaries do the like, if they please, and then issue is joined. The dealer leads. The Ombre, or any other player, may play his own hand. If after naming his trumps and packing his hand as above, he cannot win at least four tricks he loses the pool, which his adversaries divide according to their tricks, and he forfeits its amount to a new pool. If the Ombre goes in for winning all the nine possible tricks, he is said to *win la voile*, and the adversaries have to pay up double; if he fails, he is (as we should say) "lured double." Now for the value of the cards. The ace of spades, called spadille, is the best trump whatever suit may be trumps. The next best card, if trumps are black, is the two of trumps; if they be red, the seven of the suit. This second best card goes by the name of manille. The third best card is the ace of clubs, called basto, and if either of the red suits be trumps the ace of that suit comes in as a grand fourth, as punto. The rest in the black suits rank thus—king, queen, knave, seven, six, five, four, and three. In the red suits their order is—king, queen, knave, deuce, three, four, five, and six. The three first or principal trumps (called matadores, from the bull-ring) need not follow a small trump when it is led. This is a considerable privilege. If the Ombre happens to hold them and be defeated, he must be fined an amount not stated: if he wins with them, he may claim a corresponding penalty.

VERY SEEDY.

I was late last night. I am aware of the fact for more than one reason. My eyes feel as if nothing but a sardine knife would open them; and when they are open they behold that my boots were not "put out," and that, although yesterday and yesterday evening were quite dry and fine, the boots are particularly dirty. My waistcoat is on the floor, and on raising it I find it heavy. The pockets are full of coppers and small change. My watch has not been removed from it, or wound up. My latch key, I am subsequently informed, was left in the door, where it was pointed out by the milkman to the cook. In spite of the heaviness of the contents of my waistcoat pockets, the amount, when arrived at with some difficulty and anxious throbbing of the brain, is not large. I groan sub-audibly, but my anxiety is presently diminished by finding a loose sovereign in my overcoat pocket, together with some large, coarse-looking cigars, and a piece of blue cardboard, with "Mazeppa" printed on it.

My overcoat was on the floor, exactly beneath its accustomed hook. I am on the point of making some sotto voce remark upon the curious condition of things, when I find articulation arrested by some substance in my mouth resembling badly prepared parchment. This eventually turns out to be my tongue, though on looking at it in the glass I fully expect to find "And whereas" or "This indenture" inscribed upon it. On taking one brief but comprehensive glance at my features in the mirror, I again groan. I resume recumbency, pull the clothes over my head, and try to sleep.

But no. I have "murdered sleep: the innocent sleep." Partial remembrances and dread uncertainties of the previous night produce cold perspiration and tremor. That I dined with my cousin Charley from Oxford and two "men" at the club is clear to my disordered memory; and a very jolly dinner we had. But we went "somewhere" afterwards. Oh, the folly of that "going somewhere afterwards"! How often have I made a covenant with myself that I would never do it again! This, however, shall really be the last time.

I have a wretchedly remorseful idea that I was quarrelsome late in the evening, and grossly insulted one of the "men"; but there is no corroborative evidence in my memory. Did I or did I not? Also did I or did I not abominably abuse a cabman, and what for? Did I or did I not have the hiccoughs for about an hour and a half, and break several glasses in demonstrating how I could stop them "at once" by three swallows of cold water, and putting my fingers in my ears? Alas! never was one swallow more ineffectual in constituting the proverbial summer than were those three swallows, three repeated, in relieving me, if memory serves me, from the Bacchanalian spasm which afflicted me. What made me burn my mouth and moustache with the wrong end of my cigar? I have smoked hundreds of cigars, but such an untoward event has never before occurred.

What's that in the corner? A black cat that has been run over? As I live, it is my hat! My Lincoln and Bennett! Oh, "things must not be thought on after this way—it will drive us mad." Something must be done. And at once. Soda and B. I always keep a little B. in my medicine chest; but how about the soda? Ah, here is Mary with the hot water.

"Thanks. Stop a minute."

My dressing gown. Open door cautiously.

"Mary, I'm not very well this morning."

Mary smiles a reply, and intimates that my landlady has been "going on" about the latch key. I intimate, with some severity, that such accidents will happen; and that my uncle, who

is a deaf, makes a point of leaving his latch key in the door three nights a week, to see if the police are on the alert.

"But look here, Mary—I want some soda water, and don't want her to see it."

Mary says—

"All right. I'm a-goin' to the corner for the paper drekly, and I'll bring it under my apern."

"It!" I almost shriek—"I want two at least!"

She is gone. Bless her chapped hands and dirty "apern." A ministering angel, gentlemen.

She appears to be away for hours, during which time I make good resolutions. On her return, with admirable care and secrecy she conveys the cargo in safety to my door. But then—fatal error!—in endeavoring to hold both bottles in one hand while knocking at the door, the contact produces that inevitable and unmistakable chink which must proclaim to all the listening earth that the product of Schweppes is on the premises.

However, the contraband cargo is delivered; and now to compound the resuscitating drink. The difficulty, as we all know, with soda water is to induce it to introduce itself to our notice with moderation; but, on this occasion, of course, the cork obstinately refuses to move. I swear not at all, but I must get a corkscrew out of my dressing case. I give you my word that my back is not turned to that bottle of soda two seconds, when a report as of a pistol takes place, and the wall and ceiling are saturated. I am just in time to save about half, to mix with my brandy. I drink it off, and lie down. Ah!—a-a-a-h! I begin to feel better. A newness of sensation takes possession of me. I become wakefully dreamy. Confidence returns. I begin to look upon my proceedings of the night before with something of levity.

What a jolly dinner we had! Suppose I did insult Charley's friend. He is a young whipper-snapper. I'd punch his head for two pins. Fellows, when they go out together (yawn)—I'm getting sleepy—when they go out together, must take the (yawn) rough with the smooth. Wonder whether Queen Elizabeth took the ruff with the smooth.

Here I chuckle, and fall into a kind of doze, occasionally opening one eye to observe the shadow on the blind of an idiotic bluebottle, which travels by spasmodic darts continually round one pane of the window. What a rum old bluebottle! May we ne'er want a friend, or a bluebottle to give him. Chuckle again. Organ: "Meet me in the lane!" I am really just tumbling off to sleep, in spite of "Any ornaments for your fire-stoves?" conflicting with the organ, when I am finally forbidden that luxury by the clank of a pail-handle outside my door, and the commencement of such a scrubbing as I have never yet heard in Mrs. Grimes's establishment. Why is it that when Sennus is fickle, and one is most anxious to be at rest, the occasion appears to be seized for scrubbing outside the bed-room door? "Outside," did I say? The soapsuds actually ooze into the room, and the scrubbing-brush is persistently knocked against the door, and round the wainscot, for a longer period than it would take to scour the whole house down.

The effect of the S. and B. begins to wear off, and I am restless. Sha'n't go into the City today. Send post-card, and dine somewhere quietly at the West-end. Stop! Didn't I at the last moment insist upon those fellows dining with me to-day? But when? And where? Ah, woe is me! And woe is every young or middle-aged man who, not content with a good—nay, luxurious dinner, followed by a cup of coffee and cigar, and sweet converse therewith, must needs "wind up" the evening. How many such evenings have been wound up in dirty, fusty, low places, amid low company, vile tobacco smoke and strange oaths, and, and floated in vitriolic Champagne and other drinks, to the derangement of brain and stomach, to the brutalizing of humanity, to the ruin of purse, character, and health? And yet my Lord Tomnoddy, an hereditary legislator, is to be found in such places and in such company. In such places and such company are to be found Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues, and Lieutenant Tregooze, whose nerves ought to be at the service of their country instead of being rotted away in "winding up" the evening. What was it that degraded some of the brightest geniuses, the most elegant wits, the most polished gentlemen of the last and the early part of the present century? What was it? Why, it was called "The Finish." Let me, then, De Courcy Smith, member of the Stock Exchange, and gentleman of this the nineteenth century, declare that I will have no more of it—that never more will I leave the gentlemanly atmosphere of a club-house, or the refining and charming society of a ball-room, to post off in a fleet Hansom, with a fast Oxonian or with Lieutenant Tregooze, for the purpose of "winding up" the evening at three o'clock in the morning.

Hallo, a double knock! Mary rushes upstairs. A telegram. "It is from Charley." "We—waited—breakfast—till—half—past-nine—Off—to—Putney—to—look—at—new—boat—dine—with—you—as—arranged—Club—Seven."

Yes, I remember now. It was even so. And I promised some rare dish by Fin Rec. But how is it those fellows were not seedy? What heads! What stomachs! The fact is, my dear De Courcy, they are about ten years younger than you. If they go on, they, in their turn, will not indulge in "winding up" the evening without being repentant and very seedy.

I must get up.

REASONS FOR MARRYING.

Of the reasons given for and against marriage, it is difficult to say which are the most whimsical. Lord Bacon says that the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in "certain self pleasing and humorous minds," which are "so sensible of every restraint as almost to think their very garters to be shackles." On the other hand, some men marry because it is the fashion; others, because they don't know what else to do with themselves; others because they haven't the wit to get a living single; others because they have "an instinct desire to pay some young lady's board." Goethe, the "many-sided," said he married to obtain respectability; Wycherly, in his old age, took his servant girl for his wife, to spite his relations. John Wilkes, the notorious demagogue, declared he married solely to please his friends. A young and "fast" gent of our acquaintance married a lady nearly old enough to be his grandmother, because he owed her a debt of fifty dollars for board. The bargain, he afterwards feebly declared, was a hard one—protesting with tears in his eyes that, notwithstanding the tightness of the time, he went off cheap, dirt cheap.

Next to love, money is one of the most powerful persuasives to matrimony, which, in this case, is literally a matter-of-money. The man who marries from this motive has, as the author of "Philip Van Artevelde" remarks, one advantage over those who marry for other considerations; he can know what he gets. If he can feed upon husks and draft, it is competent to him to see that his trough is filled. Personal beauty is, with the million, a more frequent inducement to double blessedness; and certainly if a man is ever excusable for blindly following his impulses, and shutting his ears to the cold dictates of reason, it is when he thinks of a fair hand pouring out for him his tea, and of sipping his coffee under the influence of an incarnation of that divine beauty which has been the living music of the world since the time of Adam. But the worshipper of beauty has, like everybody else, alas! his disappointments; oftentimes "he thinks he has hung a trinket about his neck and behold! it is a millstone." He thinks he has married a woman only, but he has wedded himself to a mass of chalk, paint and crinoline, a basket of novels, a poodle dog, and a system of weak nerves that will keep two or three servants and as many doctors around his house all his lifetime.

When an old bachelor marries, it is commonly because he is tired of cold dinners, hot bricks at night, and defalcations in his shirt buttons. This is not the highest of motives, but it is a shade more exalted than that urged by a bilious old gentleman in counseilling a young man to get a wife: "Because, then, my boy, you'll have some one to pull off your boots when you come home drunk." In Williams' "Feejee Islands" we have the following unique proposal of marriage made by one Simioni Wangkabou, a native, to a lady of that ilk: "I do not wish to marry you because you are a good looking woman; that you are not. But a woman is like a necklace of flowers, pleasant to the eye and grateful to the smell: but such a necklace does not long continue attractive—beautiful as it is one day, the next it fades and loses its scent. Yet a pretty necklace tempts one to ask for it, but, if refused, one will often repeat his request. If you love me, I love you; but if not, neither do I love you; only let it be a settle thing."

One of the strangest motive for marriage is that which is sometimes assigned by a lady for marrying a disagreeable lover, endowed with the will of a Caesar and the "final perseverance of the saints," who persecutes her with ceaseless attentions, viz., that she marries him "to get rid of him." The most unique motive to matrimony we have ever heard of was that suggested in the advice of an old sportsman in one of the border counties of Scotland. His niece was the heiress of broad lands, which joined an estate belonging to a younger brother of the turf; and the senior gentleman when dilating to her on the exploits they had performed together by wood and wold, was wont to wind up thus: "Maria, take my advice, and marry young Fleetwood and you'll see this county hunted in style."

It is a curious fact that almost every person who commits matrimony seems to think some apology necessary. The number of those who marry "to benefit society" because "otherwise the world would be depopulated," is legion. But none of the reasons given by bachelors and maidens for first entering the holy state can "hold a candle" to those assigned by widowers and widows for the second experiment. The Russians tell a story of a widow who took a second husband to prevent herself from weeping to death over the loss of her "dear departed" first. A better anecdote is that told of a beautiful young American widow who married a rich old widower. Being asked why she took up with such an old stick, she replied, "From pure love; I love the ground (meaning his estate) on which he walks, and the very house he lives in." Charming ingenuousness, and as rare as it is charming. Surpassing this in disinterestedness if not in purity of motive, was the reason given by an Irishman for his second wedding. The bride was a heretical Protestant, and Pat averred that he "never would have put a ring on a woman's finger after his darlin Rose if it hadn't been to save the soul of that poor crayther." A crushing refutation, this incident, of the theory of the "selfish school" of philosophers.

A SUNSET WALK.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Purple, gold, and ruby tints,
Are fading in the sunless sky,
And pearl, dim, uncertain glints
Mark one lone star on high.
The cricket's tiny bell is rung,
The last song of the bird is sung.

Far away the din and fret—
The daytime hurry, and the strife—
The weary toil and sad regret,
Which haunt our daily life—
Oh, far away these leave me now,
With sunset's kisses on my brow.

Leaves, which all day idly tost,
Now pause to listen for the Night,
Fast riding with his radiant host,
O'er hills of dying light.
Around me falls the hush of prayer,
And dimmer grows the pulseless air.

Peace and love on all descend!
Oh, surely in an hour like this,
Kind heaven seems nearer earth to bond,
To give one good-night kiss!
Fair home-lights now the wanderer sees,
Like fire-flies, twinkle through the trees.

Loving ones return to him,
And rosy cheeks with love-light glow;
Fond hopes arise at twilight dim,
In dreams of long ago.
And all the joy sweet memory gives,
Touched by the hand of sunset, lives.

Oh, tranquil sunset of the soul,
When all the jar of earth is past!
When storms no longer round us roll,
And heaven is near at last!
We know, though faint, and fail we may,
Calm sunset ends the longest day.

A GOOD MATCH.

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON.

I am rather inclined to think that, with many of the people who take an annual holiday, the pleasures of anticipation generally exceed those of fulfilment. Anticipation shows the quaintly picturesque Norman village, the novelty and beauty of Alpine peaks, Welsh hills and valleys, or Scottish highlands, as the case may be, utterly ignoring the detracting annoyances of the channel passage—a very serious matter to many—the various difficulties of travel in a strange land, the often unsatisfactory *cuisine*, and the unconscionable length and playful variety of the rapidly accumulating bills.

The season was drawing to a close, and already the earlier birds had departed; the tourist was beginning to crop up in strange localities, and the British lodging-house keeper, sniffing the battle afar off, to prepare for war with her natural enemies, the visitors, groups of whom I found scattered about the Euston Station as I comfortably ensconced myself in the corner of a carriage bound for Staverton Towers.

A very few months back, Clement Sanderling, with whom I was going to stay, had been living in town on a comparatively small income, which he had augmented, in a somewhat desultory way, by literary work. He had written a novel, a successful comedy, an endless variety of articles on an endless variety of subjects, and was looked on as rather a rising man. Probably he had never heard of Staverton Towers, when one morning, amongst the letters and papers which burdened his table, was a note from a firm of lawyers in the City to tell him that the Towers, and a rather extensive property in Meadshire, belonged to him. Sanderling had met with such things in the realms of fiction, and the intimation seemed rather like the foundation of a plot for a novel than a real and a veritable possibility. It was true, however; a distant relative of the late owner had died childless in Paris, and within a very short time Sanderling had resigned his chambers and left town.

In the former days I had vaguely hovered during the season round a certain Gertrude Leigh, Sanderling manifesting a slight disposition to admire her sister Bell. All this was entirely hopeless, for there was not the very remotest chance of old Sir Thomas consenting, even if the girls had wished it; and Lady Leigh would probably have had fits if the subject had been mentioned to her. The affair was not very serious on my part, nor, as I think, on Sanderling's, though some of his heroines bore a suspicious resemblance to the fair Bell; but, then, what would you have? one must get his heroines from somewhere, for pictures painted without models are seldom satisfactory. Circumstances alter cases, however, and his circumstances had very materially altered the case. Since his accession he had been in Paris, where I knew the Leighs were also staying, and though his letters had not said anything particularly pointed, it was evident that they were much together, and only natural to suspect that something would come of it—the usual something. Immediately on his return he had written to ask me down; there was no one with him, he said, and if I had work to do it would be much quieter than the chambers; so taking a heap of paper to try and ease a sea-

science which demanded industry, and secretly resolving to do nothing but lie under the trees and smoke, I started, anxious to see Sanderling, in case his bachelor days were soon to be ended; for marriage sometimes alters a man very considerably, and a young wife has not always an enthusiastic affection for her husband's bachelor friend.

He met me at the station, and we drove through some of the prettiest scenery in Meadshire to the Towers. The fine old house was a striking contrast to the dingy chambers; as was the small army of men about the place, gardeners, grooms, and the rest, to the dilapidated old woman and small boy who had attended him in times of yore; but he had fallen quite naturally into the new habits and interests, and it seemed years since the old London days.

After dinner we retired to a small room to smoke, and discuss all that had happened since we last met.

"And how are things theatrical?" he asked, when he had given me details of his journeying.

"Much as they were when you left, I think; and, in one way, as they will be always. The good pieces pay; the bad ones don't. Isn't the same principle carried out in everything? If managers produce good pieces, publishers good works, or publicans good beer, the people go, and read, and drink, remuneratively. All the same, I suppose, we are to understand that the drama is declining?"

"That's the silliest cry of all," Sanderling answered. "There are plenty of good actors, and plenty of good plays. I don't mean to say that the whole thing is in a perfectly satisfactory state. A number of gentlemen, and some ladies, adopt the profession now, and study it; but many fellows go on the stage with the idea that the art of acting can be learned any morning before breakfast, and, under the impression that 'ease' is the great requisite, behave in drawing-rooms with the sort of ease that City clerks exhibit in their favorite liquor-shops. I remember one of the best actors in England telling me that when he first went on, he was convinced that he could play Hamlet perfectly; but after twenty years' experience, he should be thoroughly contented if his Laertes satisfied himself."

"But there is a bigger blot on the stage than what old actors call the 'cuff-shooters.' Look in the photograph shop windows," I replied.

"Yes, at the—those—the—well, the 'popular actresses,' Popular actresses—my stars! As you know, I am very far from being a straight-laced moralist, but to see long rows of ogling creatures, whose modesty is as scant as their attire, labelled 'Popular Actresses,' is a little too much; and men who have the interest of the stage at heart ought to protest vigorously."

I could only assent.

"Why do these sort of persons go on at all?" continued Sanderling, who evidently felt the subject deeply. "From vanity, generally, or some reason other than the making of a small salary, or a desire to learn the profession. Either they want the money, or they don't want it; in one case they have no business on the stage, and in the other, the less business they have there the better. I speak, of course, of the 'shop-window actresses'; and it is for the sake of the gentlewomen who are really actresses that I am so indignant."

"It's a rough sea and a difficult voyage, but how bravely some little girls weather the storm. For instance, the young lady—for she was a young lady, although she had been doomed to wear something like the costume of an acrobat who played Mary in your comedy," said I.

Sanderling rose slowly from his chair, and leaned against the mantelpiece, smoking thoughtfully.

"Miss—what was her name?" I continued. "You seemed much struck by her once, and that is why she was taken from the ranks to play the part, I presume. Miss Burton—that's it. I suppose you have forgotten all about her, now?"

"No," he slowly replied, with a somewhat troubled face; "I have thought a good deal of her,—and a good deal less of myself in consequence."

I looked at him inquiringly.

"I was struck with her, as you say, and told her so, and used to take her about to afternoon performances and that sort of thing; and gave her the part in the comedy, as you know."

"Which was quite as much to your advantage as to hers, for she played it charmingly," I interrupted.

"She did, certainly. Well, I used to take her about, and got to like her, awfully. After a time she seemed to grow shy about it—wouldn't come always when I wanted her to, and I was vexed and couldn't understand it. One evening, when she was out of an engagement, I wanted to take her to the opera, and she made an excuse, and so I asked her about it. She said, 'Of course I'd like to go with you every day, dear, only you know how particular I have to be, and if we are always together, people will wonder where—' I think she was going to say 'Wonder where it will end,' so it occurred to me to wonder where it would, and knowing where it ought—for she was evidently very fond of me—I told her that I wanted to marry her."

He stopped, and gazed thoughtfully into the fire.

"And what did she reply?" I asked.

"I took her to the opera that evening. Things went on for a couple of months—she was a dear, good little girl," he said, breaking off his sentence and pausing, as some reminiscences appeared to fit through his mind, "and a lady, too. I don't mean to say she could get through a wood of social etiquette, as Gertrude Leigh might do, without knocking against some of the trees, but in heart she was as perfect a lady as the best of them. However," he continued, "things went on for a couple of months, and she was away from town when I heard, to my intense amazement, as you know, that this place had come to me. I wrote to her at once, but I had to go to Paris on business connected with the estate before returning to town. Well, the Leighs were there, and so was Ethilton, and—and he knew about the affair—with the little girl, and—"

"And I suppose he indulged in that mysterious style of conversation which is vaguely termed 'saying things?'" I asked.

"Yes. He talked about my position in the county, and my small knowledge of a girl whose associations had been somewhat equivocal; and said what a good thing it would be if I went in to Bell Leigh—you know I used to like her, rather—and he persuaded me to stay on—he was always talking about it—and—"

"Lord Ethilton is such a very great swell that I can't be expected to see things from his elevated point of view; but I must say I fail utterly to understand why your position in the county should oblige you to act dishonorable—"

"Go on," Sanderling said, as I stopped short; "oblige me to act dishonorably—"

"To act unkindly," I continued, "to Miss Burton."

"And you think I ought to go and see her? Perhaps she has forgotten all about me," he said.

"I'm sure that you ought to go; and she's not the sort of girl to have forgotten you—or to have ever forgotten herself, in spite of Ethilton's charitable opinion," I answered.

"I will go," he said, flinging his cigar into the fire. "I will go; and, by Jove! I feel so happy now that I've made up my mind. Of course I ought to go; and I'll start to-morrow morning—at least, it seems so rude to you, old fellow, when you've just come down—"

"Not at all," I said, and meant it; though, for the matter of that, it is the only reply to such a speech possible under any circumstances. "I'll go up with you, if you like."

"Don't you mind, really? I can't tell you how much obliged I shall be. Do you know where she is?"

"Yes; I was in at rehearsal at the Prince's a day or two ago. She is going to play in the new *opéra bouffe*."

"A part?" he asked.

"Two lines, I think, and about five bars of recitative. There were thirteen people in the boxes and nearly two rows of stalls the other night, and such good business nearly turned Manley's head, and he put a new piece into rehearsal at once."

"There's a train at half-past ten, if that's not too early for you," he said, very eager to be off, now that he had decided to go.

"Not at all; and as it's nearly twelve, I think I'll retire. Good night:—whatever are you thanking me for? Good night; and good luck in this and everything."

A servant brought a very early message next morning that Sanderling was up, and waiting for me to breakfast with him; and the dog-cart to take us to the station was at the door some twenty minutes earlier than was necessary. We arrived in town about two o'clock, and hastened to the theatre, where rehearsal was busily proceeding. Sanderling's heart slightly failed here, and I left him in the neighboring square while I went to find Nelly Burton, and tell her that he was waiting to see her. Barkington, the stage manager, who worked sixteen hours a day and did as much as sixteen people, was bustling busily to and fro. The manager, surrounded by some of his company, was examining a brilliant poster containing all the hues of the rainbow, in addition to several which no well-conducted rainbow ever dreamed of assuming, destined soon to blaze out and illuminate a thousand walls. But posters won't make pieces, charm the printers and lithographers never so wisely. The prospects of succeeding treasures grow more than precarious if a play has nothing but the hoarding to prop it up: the "ghost" won't continue to "walk" unless there is something stronger than that to superinduce his perambulation. I soon caught sight of Nelly Burton, whose fresh, honest little face formed a striking contrast to some of those around her—harsh, *blasé*, and coarse in expression as many of them were. Her trim little jacket had been worn before, and the *première jeunesse* had left the hat which was perched on the top of her fair curls; but she was very pleasant to look at.

"Are you busy?" I asked, when she had arched her interrogative eyebrows more than ever, and given me a very nice little hand to shake, on ascertaining that it was I.

"I have to sing all this, directly," she answered, smiling as she held out a sheet of music-paper with a very few bars scribbled on the top. "Are they going over that scene again?"

"Not without cause, I think. Miss Shaftesbury does not seem to know much of her part, nor to play what she does know particularly well; and she certainly can't sing the music," I said.

Kind little Nelly wanted to find an excuse for her directly.

"Well, you see, it's rather an awkward part to play," she urged.

"Then the author's intention will be thoroughly realised, for she's certain to play it awkwardly.—I came here on purpose to find you, Miss Burton. A friend of mine, and of yours,

wants very much indeed to see you," I said, taking her a little apart. "Can you guess who it is?"

Her lips said "No," but her face very plainly said "Yes."

"It is Clement Sanderling," I continued.

"I can't imagine what Mr. Sanderling can wish to see me for," she replied, with an effort at haughtiness which did not much accord with the eager way she glanced round to see if he were near, as she asked, "Where is he?"

"In the square: waiting very anxiously indeed to see you," I said.

"I am quite at a loss to understand what Mr. Sanderling can have to say to me. Will you please ask him to write if there really is anything?" she answered.

"To a certain extent, Miss Burton, I am in Clement's confidence; and if I were not, your tone would lead me to think—several things."

"I am sure my tone is just the same as always," she said, looking up with a faint twinkling as of coming tears in her ordinarily bright eyes. "Mr. Sanderling is nothing to me, and I had rather not see him."

"Of course, if you had rather not there is no more to be said; but he will be greatly pained and hurt at your refusal—your unkind refusal, for he came all the way from Staverton this morning on purpose to see you. I did not think that you would have condemned any one without hearing the defence. Circumstantial evidence is so terribly deceptive," I rejoined.

She did not in the least know what to do, and so tried to be angry, and rolled up her sheet of music without the slightest regard for the legibility of the writing.

"Well, good-bye, Miss Burton; I will say that you are too angry to forgive him, shall I?"

"There's nothing to forgive, and I'm not angry a bit," she said, quite as savagely as it was possible for her to speak.

"What is the word?" I answered, repressing a slight inclination to smile. "Annoyed—hurt—vexed—grieved—disappointed? There is evidently something wrong between you, for you and he were excellent friends when his play was produced. If you see him, in three seconds he will probably explain away—whatever requires explanation, and then you will be very sorry that you hesitated in hearing him. Indeed, I have very good reasons for believing that his explanations will be entirely satisfactory to you—which I had not; but then it strengthened my shot, and I knew that when they once met a good deal might be left to Sanderling's native wit and persuasive powers, if the girl had ever been really fond of him."

She unrolled her music, and studied the signature at the beginning of the stave with great diligence.

"My cue will be coming directly," she said, at length.

"And then you'll see poor Clement?" I asked.

"Indeed I don't know why you call him 'poor Clement,'" but she lingered over his name, and seemed to like the sound of it; "he's not—Yes, I'll go, if you don't mind waiting a minute more;" and she went down the stage, did her scrap of duty, and then we left the theatre together.

Sanderling was coming towards us as we turned into the square. He threw away his cigar, and raised his hat as I left Miss Burton and retired; he seeming uncertain whether or not to offer his hand, for her obstinate little paws were tightly holding her parasol. I looked after them, however, when they had gone a little way, and saw one hand slowly relax its grip and resign itself for a moment to Sanderling's custody, anticipatory of its retention for a very much longer period; and when presently they overtook me, a glance convinced me that all was right. Nelly Burton appeared well on her way to making a good match.

* * * * *

The future Mrs. Sanderling lived in rooms up a good many stairs in one of the streets which surround Russell Square; and thither I used sometimes to accompany my friend; when our pretty little hostess regaled us with cups of tea, and sang songs to us at a tinkling little piano which tried strenuously to be gay and festive and make good music, but whose age and decrepitude would sometimes assert themselves by the sudden cessation of a note or so, which grew tired and refused to speak any more—very unlike the mistress, who was never tired of talking a great deal in these happy times. Here too, we examined her drawings—she was a very clever little person, and sketched admirably—and looked over the precious volume in which were pasted the few newspaper cuttings criticising her performances: mostly from country chronicles, though there were nearly two lines from a London morning paper which had afforded her so vast an amount of pleasure, that if the writer had but known the gratification his pen was destined to give, I believe he would have defied his editor and put in half a column.

On one of these afternoons, about a week after our arrival in town, we were looking over a portfolio of sketches, and Sanderling was amusing himself by chaffing the drawings to tease Nelly.

"The only suggestion I have to offer," he said, putting a sketch on the mantelpiece and looking at it with the burlesqued air of a connoisseur, "is that a body should put titles and explanatory notes to her drawings; because a body is so apt to be misunderstood."

"I wish you wouldn't keep on teasing me about saying 'a body,' just because I used the expression once," she said, spoiling a laugh with a pretended pout.

"You should be very careful what expression

you make use of, for you want all you can muster to put into these works of art, dear. Now, here's a strange picture: very charming, very interesting, but just a trifle vague," he said, selecting another from the case. "A gentleman, seated in a—a box carried by two elliptic wheels, and drawn by a—by an anomalous quadruped, which my slender knowledge of natural history will not permit me safely to

—A horse, is it? really a horse? Well, we'll call it a horse, at any rate, if only for the sake of, or rather the avoidance of, argument—

drawn by a horse. The gentleman is engaged in emulating the example of Simple Simon in the ballad, and fishing as he goes along the turnpike road—driving! do you seriously mean it?

"Very well, dear, you drew it, and so you ought to know; but why a man should go out driving with a fishing rod in his hand, I—a whip?

"Oh, no; come now, Nelly, dear, that is going a little too far; really it is only as a personal favor to you that I can consent for a moment to accept that as a whip. Men don't hold their whips cutting over their horses' backs like bowsprits, and it quite bears out my premisses that explanatory notes should be appended to these works of art."

Nelly showed a disposition to attempt the recovery of her much-abused work; but Sanderling was on the alert, and resumed:

"He is driving (if you really do insist upon it) up a hill towards a church of ingeniously

assorted architecture, about which I will only say that if the incumbent is not more upright as a man than the steeple is as a building, the heads and morals of the congregation are in some danger. You are sure that is a horse?"

"What a shame!" Nelly said, laughingly.

"I'm sure it's all quite plain enough."

"Quite plain enough, in all conscience—you might almost go so far as to call it ugly," Sanderling replied.

"You may think so, if you like, sir. I'm sure the church is upright, and, and my uncle was incumbent—at least, curate there," Nelly said, looking at the drawing.

"Why, I never knew that you had an uncle, dear. What's his name, and where does he live?" he asked.

"He lives abroad, and I don't write to him much—he wouldn't like my being in the profession. He's very kind, though, and used to want me to go and live with him, only I didn't Hedley, his name is."

"What Hedley—not Robert, I suppose?" Sanderling asked.

"Yes, it is Robert. How did you guess?" inquired Nelly.

"You don't mean to say that this is Chester-ton Church?" Sanderling said in a tone of extreme surprise.

"Yes, it is," Nelly answered, evidently bewildered at his knowledge.

"But surely, Nelly, Robert Hedley, who was curate of Chesterton in 18—, was not your uncle?"

"Not only was, but is. Why are you so excited about it, dear?" she asked.

"Don't you know that—have you not heard of his death, Nelly?" he inquired.

"No, indeed I haven't," Nelly replied.

"Poor little girl! I ought not to have mentioned it so suddenly. He died on the 17th November, 18—."

Nelly laughed. "Then all I can say is, that he has since been represented by a wonderfully healthy-looking ghost. I have not seen him lately, but two or three times since then; and I shall most likely have a letter from him—or the ghost—to-morrow morning. I wrote the other day, the first letter for a long time, to tell him about—about us," she said.

"My dear child, if you are not joking, there must be a very great mistake somewhere. Do you know that if Robert Hedley were alive he would inherit Staverton Towers? But he must be dead. I have every proof of it. You know," he said, turning to me, "it was chiefly to ascertain this that I went to Paris. He must be dead."

Nelly persisted, however. He had lived in Paris, years ago, she said, but was now minister to a little Protestant community in the south of France; and such, on investigation, turned out to be the case. A Robert Hedley, a clergyman, had died in Paris; but we had the best reasons for assuring ourselves that it was not he.

An extract from one of his letters to his niece will best finish my story:—

OUR SLEEPING BABY.

The silken fringe of his lashes
Droops over his sparkling eyes,
And the curly gold on his forehead
In rich profusion lies.

His mouth, like the bow of Cupid,
Closed tight o'er his tiny teeth,
Just parts for a moment to show me
The beautiful pearls beneath.

Extended full length, an Apollo,
With more than his beauty seems,
While the varying play of his features,
Is shaped by his innocent dreams.

He wakes! No, I moved and disturbed him,
And in wonder, the half open eyes
Cast their sleepy reproaches upon me
But are closed in a moment with sighs.

Come, mamma, and look at your baby!
Such a sight you'd not willingly miss;
Come quick, and with tender caresses
Awaken your boy with a kiss!

He's a child now, and jealously 'tended,
We watch every moment with care;
Heart's burning with love for our darling,
We think he is wondrously fair.

But days yet to come may be gloomy,
And the pathway of life for his feet
Be covered with thorns while the roses
Some happier mortals may greet.

Be hushed all my gloomy forebodings,
Nor borrow the trappings of woe;
Enough for us all be the promise,
Through the valley I with thee will go!"

Let us train him to shun every evil
That, clothed with the Christian's might,
He may meet the wile of the tempter
With one simple test, "Is it right?"

Thus "strong in the Lord," may his duty
Be done till death's night shall be past,
When arrayed in more heavenly beauty,
He shall cross the bright portals at last.

THE WAY SHE DID IT.

A liberal education, a handsome person, and a wealthy and indulgent father were among the agreeable things that were vouchsafed Robert Anson by smiling fortune. His mother had died in his early youth, and the father and son—the only members of the family left—had afterwards been more like brothers in their relations towards each other. They had made a European tour, and had traversed every nook and corner of America together, seeking in rational amusement the legitimate enjoyment of a colossal fortune. But at last there came a separation of a year. Anson desired to again visit Europe, and his father preferred a trip across the continent to the Pacific coast; therefore each went his way, followed by the good wishes of the other.

Mr. Anson, senior, spent six months on the plains and in California, and made a discovery on the return trip. Stopping a few days in Chicago, he accidentally learned of the existence of a distant relative of his deceased wife's—a girl whose parents had not long before died, leaving the daughter dependent upon her own exertions for support. Mr. Anson sought her out, finding in Flora Michtmay a pretty, intelligent girl of eighteen, holding a position as teacher in one of the public schools. He was charmed with her, and at once offered her a home.

"But I should dislike to be a burden to anybody," interposed the independent young lady.

"The obligation would be on the other side," replied Mr. Anson; "I am rich and have only one relative—a son who is in Europe. He will be home soon. Both of us have had our all of travelling, and will want to settle down in a home. By making your home with us you will add to it a social attraction, relieve it of being a bachelors' hall, and we'll all be as happy as larks together."

The outlook was certainly alluring to the lonely orphan, and she accepted the offer, returning to New York with M. Anson.

Thereupon the old mansion was renovated, refurnished, and soon became the headquarters of a brilliant social clique. Flora at once took her place as a favorite, and Mr. Anson was proud of his pretty protégée.

As the return of Robert Anson was now daily expected, it may be well to follow him on his transatlantic voyage. He was barely embarked at Liverpool before his eyes fell upon the form of a decidedly handsome and dashing woman. A widow—anybody could have told that by her air of independence. Not much past thirty, and at the zenith of her charms, she was a really bewildering creature. So Robert thought at first sight, and so he found her upon acquaintance. A Mrs. Morrow she proved to be, and she was alone and unprotected on her voyage, which had been made to visit some distant relatives in England. The steamer consumed nine days in the passage. On the first day Robert managed to gain a speaking acquaintance. On the second he had improved it so far as to be on easy chatting terms, and before the close of the third he was enslaved. They walked the deck by moonlight on the fourth and fifth; and before the seventh

their billing and cooing had attracted the attention of the passengers. On the eighth, Robert proposed and was accepted, and on the ninth they reached New York.

Mrs. Morrow owned a little house in Brooklyn, and had a modest income from property left by her husband. To her home Robert saw her safely conveyed, and then sought his own. The changes there astonished him, for his father had kept it all an agreeable surprise.

"Robert," says Mr. Anson, as he welcomed him, "do you recognize the dingy old house?"

"Scarcely, father," was the reply; "everything is new, bright, and cheerful. What does it mean?"

"A woman."

"Married?"

"No, no; but hush! There comes the cause of it all. Clara, this is my son Robert."

Possibly the widow, had she seen the impression that Clara produced on her lover, would have felt less secure in her conquest. For Clara had improved in spirits since her residence with Mr. Anson, and was even prettier than when she first came there.

That night, over a social bottle of wine, the father explained to his son the manner in which he found Clara, and the light and happiness she had brought to their home.

"And I have formed a plan in reference to her," concluded Mr. Anson.

"What is it?" asked Robert.

"You shall marry her."

"Impossible."

"Why?"

Thus brought to the point Robert confessed his engagement to Mrs. Morrow.

"How old is she?" asked Mr. Anson.

"Thirty."

"And you are twenty-six—how absurd! People will laugh at you. Clara is young, pretty, and I know she will love you."

"But I love the widow."

"Nonsense."

"Father!"

"There, my boy, don't take offence. I only meant that you have mistaken admiration for love. That you really love a woman four years your senior, and a widow at that, is absurd. You think you do, but you don't. Now, I will tell you what I will do. Not another word shall be said on the subject for one month. At the end of that time, if you persist in marrying Mrs. Morrow, I shall marry Clara myself."

"I agree," replied Robert.

The month passed quickly, and at its close the situation was about like this: Robert was fenced between love for Clara and his duty to the widow; Clara is deeply in love with Robert; Mrs. Morrow was troubled by a certain falling-off in her lover's ardor, and Mr. Anson, who had steadily refused to see the widow, hoped for the best of his plan. The father and son met after supper.

"Well, Robert," said the former, "the month is up. What have you decided on doing?"

"We have always made confidants of each other," began Robert.

"Certainly."

"And I shall not hide anything from you now. I love Clara, and believe she loves me, but I am engaged to Mrs. Morrow, and cannot honorably break the engagement."

"Then leave the matter entirely to me."

"What will you do?"

"I will secure your release by the widow."

"By fair means?"

"By her free consent."

And so the interview closed.

On the following day Mr. Anson sought the home of the widow. She was in, and upon learning who he was welcomed him cordially. She asked him to be seated upon the sofa, upon which she also gracefully sank. Mr. Anson had made up his mind to be brief and business-like; but the gorgeous widow quite upset him before he even had broached the subject of his son's engagement. They came to speak of him naturally at last, however, and the widower saw his opportunity.

"You love my son?"

"What a question, Mr. Anson," she replied, showing her perfect teeth in a bewitching smile: "am I not going to marry him?"

"I hope not."

"Sir!" and even the widow's pretty frown captivated him.

"I beg your pardon," he added, crestfallen, "I mean that I came to talk the matter over with you. Do you think the match is altogether a good one?"

"I see," and her eyes dropped appropriately, "you object because I am comparatively poor."

"Indeed I do not. The financial aspect of the affair has never been considered by me."

The widow here pierced him with a look of gratitude.

"It was the difference in, in—" he stammered.

"In social position?" suggested the widow.

"No, no—"

"Ah! I see. You mean in age?"

"Yes," he replied, sheepishly. "You divined the reason, and I will be perfectly frank with you. My son is very dear to me, and it has been the dream of my life to see him happily married to some beautiful and loving woman."

Here the widow turned her glorious eyes full upon Mr. Anson, and managed to show her arm, which happened to be enclosed in a loose sleeve. It was a particularly round, smooth arm, and as white as possible.

"I beg your pardon," hastily continued Mr. Anson; "I know that you are good, beautiful, and loveable, but—"

"But I am too old—I am thirty. Not so very old either, although I do feel older than Robert.

My love for him has been largely of the guardian sort—I have petted and admired him as a mother might. And he loves me—"

"But not exactly as he should a wife. He loves another woman—not a handsomer or better woman, my dear madam—but one younger and better suited to be his wife."

The widow burst into tears—presumably, at least, as she buried her eyes in her handkerchief, and her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. The widower's courage quite forsook him at this to him unexpected crisis. A pretty woman in tears is a melting object, and the effect upon the widower was all that Mrs. Morrow could have desired. She sank down on the sofa in her grief, very close to him. He wanted to console her, and so he took her hand. It was white, soft, and warm.

"Please don't cry," he said; "I have offended and grieved you. Pray forgive me."

"There, don't pity me," said the widow, in a trembling but musical voice; "I can bear it. I have only Robert's welfare and happiness at heart—he can be happy I ought to be contented."

"Then you release him?"

"Certainly."

"And lose a fortune—you are a noble woman."

"What is money to me? I am alone and unloved—I shall try to be happy in the consciousness of having sacrificed myself for your son."

"He will appreciate your sacrifice," and Mr. Anson wiped a tear from each of his eyes.

Here Mrs. Morrow wept afresh, and her head sank back upon the widower's shoulder. Her form shook convulsively, and he put his arm around her waist to support her.

"My dear madam," he said, "I cannot find it in my heart to take Robert from you."

"Robert," she sobbed, "I shall never see him again. I have nothing left to desire except your respect and esteem. Without those I should indeed be unhappy."

Mr. Anson drew her closer to him—so close that she lay trembling on his breast, and he pressed a kiss on her forehead.

"You have both and my deepest admiration."

"Then I am content. Let Robert marry the girl of his choice. I only claim the privilege of retaining an interest in his welfare, and a corner in your esteem."

Mr. Anson promised as he bade the widow adieu at the door to call again soon. And he kept his promise so well that the next evening found him there again.

"Victory!" murmured the widow, as she heard him enter the hall; "he will propose to me before he leaves to-night. Robert is a very pretty fellow, but he is inconstant. The father is handsome, infatuated with me already, and the mother is all his. I prefer the father."

She proved reliable in her prediction. Before her caller had kissed her good-night he had offered her his hand, heart, and fortune, and she had accepted all three.

The result was a double wedding, and the subsequent happiness of all concerned. Mr. Anson was a devoted husband, and Mrs. Morrow made him a faithful and affectionate wife; while both paternally watched over the younger couple. Although so cleverly fooled by the widow, Mr. Anson never suspected it, and never had cause for regret.

FLOTSAM.

Twas night—the flood were out, it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof!—

MONTGOMERY.

I presume most of my readers retain a tolerably wholesome recollection of the annoyances they suffered from the great flood at Jackass Flat, California, in 1852. They remember how bad the walking was, with eighteen or twenty feet of running water on the sidewalks; and how cold the water was. They cannot have wholly forgotten the vexation caused by their houses thumping against one another, lodging in the tops of trees, and turning round so as to let the sun in on the carpets. Those of them who lived in adobe cottages, it is true, escaped these latter evils by their habitations simply melting away and seeking the sea by natural outlets. Still there was a good deal of discomfort for all.

One of the greatest annoyances in those days was the unusual number of dead bodies cruising about—privateers, steering hither and thither without any definite destination, but aiming at making themselves generally disagreeable. There were always some of the fellows sailing abroad in this desultory way; and they were responsible, one way and another, for considerable profanity. I knew quiet, peaceable citizens to get as angry as ever they could be when some waif of this kind would lodge against their dining-room doors while the family were at supper; and sometimes when you would throw up your second-story window to go out for an evening "at the office," one would come rocking gently in amongst the children, and anchor on the hearth-rug. And the worst of it was that if you did not feel hospitable, you might have to swim a mile or two to get the coroner to depose you to hold an inquest and eject the intruder. Otherwise you were liable to shooting for removing a stranded body without authority. And if the coroner could not write (there were, I think, four coroners during the time the water was laid on,

and some could never be taught to hold the pen right end up) you must take along a witness; or that official might "go back on his word," and you would be at the trouble of killing him. All these things made Jackass Flat practically untenable; but there was only one direction in which it was possible to leave; and that route led through several rivers, Suisun, San Pablo, and San Francisco bays, and so on out into the Pacific.

I am not relating a regular story, or I should already have chalked out the plot, finished off most of the persons concerned in it, and made a fair start in the delineation of character. But although this is not fiction, in the higher sense, I cannot quite repress the narrative element of my nature, without doing greater violence to my feelings than the reader has a right to expect at the price.

It was a wild black night in Bummer-street. The wind fairly howled! The rain scourged the roofs, twisting in wet sheets about the chimneys, and pulling them down, as the velvet train of a lady clings to the ankle of the unwary dancer, and upsets him in a minute. There was more water in Bummer-street than you would have thought from merely looking at the surface; because, as a rule, you can't see very far into water every cubic mile of which holds in solution a small range of mountains and two or three mining towns. The boarding-house of Mrs. Hashagen presented, however you might look at it, a very dejected aspect. There was one tallow-candle burning dimly at an open upper window; and beside it sat, in anxious expectancy, the landlady's old mother-in-law, plying the busy needle. Her son, the man of the house who was "having a little game with the boys" behind a dormer-window at Clawhammer Jake's, had promised to return at ten o'clock if he had "any kind o'luck"—which meant any kind excepting bad, or indifferent, luck—and it was now eleven.

There was no knowing, either, how soon it might be necessary to take to the boats. Presently something bumped against the side of the house, there was a murmur of subdued swearing outside, a scow was pushed up to the window ledge, and Mr. Hashagen stepped into the room.

"How's business, Joseph?" was the laconic welcome from the aged mother.

"Disgustin'" was the unamiable reply of her son, as he chained his barge to the shutter. "Never held such durned hands in my life. Beat the game, though. Ten or twenty pesos, I should say. But 'tain't no use for me to keep up that lick. Fate's dead agin me—that's how I put it up."

"Quite true, Joseph," replied the old lady mildly; "we done better 'n that to home."

"Did, hay?"

There was a long silence, broken only by the pounding and chafing of Mr. Hashagen's galley against the side of the house. The wind had died away, or moaned only at long intervals, like the warning wail of the Banshee. Some solemn and mysterious spell seemed to brood upon that household; a vague but ghostly presentiment was at the heart of Mr. Hashagen—a subtle sense of helplessness and dread in the presence of some overshadowing Presence. He rose and looked out upon the moving waters.

"Mary Ann's got a customer, Joseph," said the old lady with an air of forced cheerfulness, as if to dispel the gathering gloom by idle talk.

"What is he?" inquired her son, mechanically, not even withdrawing his eyes from the window—"roomer or mealer?"

"Only a bedder at present, Joseph."

"Pay in advance?"

"No, Joseph."

"Any traps?"

"Not even a carpet-bag."

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The Age of Vulgar Glitter; Mrs. Seymour's Curls; To the Absent; By the Waters; Almonte; To a Lover; A Fragment from the Scenes of Life; The Axle of the Heavens; The Correct View; Apostrophe to a Tear; June; A Debtor's Dilemmas; Proved; Wanted Some Beaux; Canadian Rain Storm After Long Drought; The Murderer's Mistake; Yesterday; Carrie's Hat and What Came of It; Leonie Collyer's Error.

These MSS. will be preserved until the Twentieth of December next.

A FEW LAWS OF HEALTH.

Air consists of three ingredients: oxygen twenty, nitrogen seventy-nine, carbonic acid gas one, out of every one hundred parts. Of these three parts it is oxygen that principally enters into the blood, and feeds the flame of life; but in breathing we use up this oxygen, and the air which we exhale comes forth stripped of its vitalizing element. Hence the vast importance of fresh supplies of the pure element. The renowned occurrence in the Black Hole of Calcutta has done the world more good, in the way of rousing men's attention to the need of ventilation, than all the lectures of the philosophers. One hundred and forty-six Europeans were thrust into a dungeon eighteen feet square for one night, the apartment having two small windows; one hundred and twenty-three persons were dead by the morning. If an individual were to take water into his mouth, keep it there for a while, and then spit it out into a tumbler, the most uncleanly of us would not condescend to use it; how, then, can we so willingly consent to breathe the air that has been vitiated by those beside us, in churches, theatres, schools, and close rooms?

On inhaling, two fifths of the oxygen is sent into the blood; no wonder that fifty-seven hogsheads a day of pure air, or at least one hogshead per hour of new air, is needed by each individual. No writer gives less than seven cubic feet per minute for each. In one of the wretched lanes in Glasgow five hundred people were found living in one house; typhus fever was constantly there; the authorities had the number of tenants reduced, and the place ventilated, after which scarce a case of typhus fever occurred. In a school-room thirty feet square and eight feet high, there are seven thousand two hundred cubic feet. If sixty persons are in it, and they each use seven cubic feet per minute, the air will be vitiated in seventeen minutes; if they use ten cubic feet per minute, the air will be vitiated in twelve minutes. Hence the importance of good ventilation, and of a run in the open air by the pupils every now and then. A teacher should compel his pupils to run out; the less willing they are to do so, the more they need it. No wonder we have so many sleepy boys at school, and sleep worshippers at church.

Bedrooms are especially dangerous. As soon as we get dressed we should throw up the bedroom windows, open the door, fold back the bedclothes, and leave them so for some hours before the beds are made; we should sleep, too, with our heads outside of the blankets, and there ought to be no curtains around the bed.

Sunshine is a second great element in hygiene. Live in the sunshine, not in the shade, an axiom that applies to the sunny gleam of good temper and cheerfulness as well as to the outward luminary. Sir James Wylie, physician to the Emperor of Russia, made many interesting experiments as to the hygienic effect of sunlight; he found that in hospitals properly lighted, four times more recovered than in those where the wards were in dark rooms away from the sun's rays. In cholera times more deaths occur in narrow streets away from solar influence; and more, in other streets, on the side of the street that receives the least sunlight. This idea is corroborated by the great and propitious influence of sunshine on plants. Plant your potatoes, therefore, in rows, running north and south, not east and west. The inhabitants of the southern slopes of mountains are better developed and healthier than on the northern slopes. Those who dwell in secluded valleys overshadowed by giant peaks, have often peculiar diseases and deformities. Partially deformed children have been restored by the true enjoyment of air and sun.

Dancing is a third main hygienic element. Stagnant ponds and undrained marshes are a cause of fever and ague. A certain large house in Leeds had for many years lain under an evil reputation for a malignant disease; draining banished the ailment. The Campagna of Rome is a case in point, on a large scale. Clammy and chill air the damps that lie upon it at night. Old drains half full of stagnant water send forth sulphurated hydrogen gas, so deadly that if it forms one fifteen hundredth part of the atmosphere, it will kill a bird; if one two hundred and fiftieth part, it will kill a horse.

Cleanliness is a fourth great desideratum. We perspire between one and two pounds' weight of perspiration every day; this is a chief form of giving off waste; hence the vast importance of keeping the pores of the body from being blocked up by foreign or offensive matter. A clean face with an unwashed body is a kind of hypocrisy of which the greater part of the human race is guilty.

Look at matters scientifically. Open the palm of your hand: look at it. On this portion of you, call it a square inch, you have three thousand five hundred and twenty-eight pores, each being the aperture of a tube one-fourth of an inch in length, or eight hundred and eighty-two inches, or seventy-three and a-half feet.

But take two thousand eight hundred pores the average of your whole body for every square inch, or seven hundred inches of tube in length. In a man of ordinary size there are two thousand five hundred square inches of surface, equal to seven million pores, or one million seven hundred and fifty thousand inches of tube, nearly twenty-eight miles. What a thoughtless, unthankful animal you are, to neglect a structure on which the Supreme Mind has expended so much thought and ingenuity! What an unworthy and fallen set of beings we must be, so inattentive to the true interests not of our souls only, but of our bodies too! How incapable also, we seem of views comprehensive enough to take in both of these; many who care for their bodies neglect their souls, and many who take care of their souls neglect their bodies.

EXERCISE.

Taking it as an acknowledged truth, that if we would live (physically speaking) well—that is, so as thoroughly to enjoy life—and if, moreover, we would live long, we must make use of bodily exercise; the best modes of putting this obligation into practice becomes an inquiry of the first importance. Among the various modes of exercise, and at once the most valuable and the most common, stands that of walking in a pure unconfined atmosphere. In a far greater degree than any other, this form of exercise increases the flow of blood, distributes it more liberally and more equally to all the bodily members, and renders it more pure by causing a greater absorption of oxygen. By the exercise of walking, the secretions of the skin are promoted and accelerated, the blood impelled onwards to the ultimate tissues in a rapid and grateful course, blushes through the transparent cuticle, and intimates its healthful action by the rosy hue it imparts to the invigorated skin.

It is not always, however, that walking is productive of this desirable condition. To be perfectly beneficial, the walk should be felt as a pleasure, not as a task. Any exercise that is undertaken from a sense of duty merely, will inevitably fall short of effecting a great part of the improvement desired. Unless there be some pleasurable object in view, some excitement to arouse the mind to the anticipation of enjoyment, there will hardly be a sufficient flow of nervous energy throughout the system to render the exercise of much service. On this account it is advisable, at all times, to have some object in view creative or suggestive of pleasurable emotions in connexion with the exercise we take. It is true there are some minds so happily constituted as to find pleasure and intellectual enjoyment in reference to every object in nature.

There is a German proverb which says, "A good companion is half the distance;" —this is true enough, as we have most of us experienced. With a sociable, friendly companion, we at once beguile and enjoy the hours as they pass, and this seldom more, perhaps, than during the exercise of walking. The various objects that pass under review excite the attention, and thus stimulate the nervous energy; on the various topics of conversation call the faculties of the mind into action, which never fail to enhance the benefit derived from bodily and muscular exercise.

Riding on horseback is, next to walking, the best species of exercise to which we can have recourse. The management of a good horse itself involves a very considerable action of the muscular system, and the excitement of a rapid run through an open country is, perhaps, the most pleasurable feeling of which our physical nature is capable. The healthful results of a course of equitation in a suitable climate and season have been experienced by thousands; and if we are to believe all that has been written by travellers, with respect to the exhilarating effects of months spent on horseback in the deserts of the East, or the interminable prairies of the West, we might justly rank the exercise of riding on horseback as highest in the list of health-conferring processes.

Dancing in an exercise which, under proper regulations, must be considered as highly conducive to the maintenance of the health. As it is too much practised, however, in the present day, it is unfortunately productive of a very contrary result. When night is turned into day, and the heated and crowded ballroom is preferred to the couch of repose, dancing becomes a snare to which the health of the young and thoughtless frequently falls a victim. Fencing, as a practicable in-door exercise, may be considered as superior even to dancing. Its main advantages are the expansion of the chest resulting from its habitual practice, and the thorough circulation and nervous energy which it super-induces on account of the muscular action, from which no part of the body is exempt during its performance.

The advantage of exercise is especially seen when viewed in connexion with its effects

upon those parts of the body which, from various causes, are made in a peculiar manner the subjects of it. If we glance at the operatives employed in the different branches of trade and manufacture, we shall see those organs invariably becoming most developed in form and most perfect in function, which are called into the most frequent exercise—provided always that the labour be not too great, nor too long sustained. Thus we see the blacksmith with a right arm of extraordinary muscle developed by the weight of his heavy hammer. The porter has well-developed legs, from a plainly analogous cause. The ploughman and the labourer have large hands; the sawyer has broad shoulders and brawny arms; the professional dancer has prominent calves and large feet—all plainly due to the operation of the same principle. We may learn from this a fact of vital importance; namely, that if any part of our frames be weak, we may strengthen that part by exercise; and, as a reasonable corollary, that if our whole system be debilitated, exercise is the best and most natural remedy for the purpose of restoring it.

NEWS NOTES.

JOHN C. HEENAN is dying at Colorado Springs. SIR Hugh Allan has given up the Pacific Contract.

SIR Samuel Baker and wife have arrived in England.

SEVERAL failures are announced to have occurred in Berlin.

M. THIERS gave a political banquet on Saturday, 11th instant.

LORD DUFFERIN and suite have returned to Ottawa from Quebec.

THE Oil Manufactory and Carbon Co., of Toronto, have suspended.

M. RANC has been found guilty of Communism by Court Martial.

SHIPMENTS of specie from England to the United States still continue.

THE Evangelical Alliance had a most successful session of ten days in New York.

THE Emperor of Austria will visit the Czar of Russia during the Russian Christmas holidays.

THE Spanish National squadron defeated the Intransigent fleet, near Cartagena, after a two hours' battle.

THE Emperor of Austria will visit the Czar in St. Petersburg during the holidays of the Russian Christmas.

LORD TENTERDEN will succeed Mr. Edmund Hammond as Under-Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.

SEVERAL manufacturers in New York have been compelled to discharge numbers of their workmen, or shorten the hours of labor.

GENERAL SEBALLOS, in anticipation of a general bombardment, has ordered the inhabitants in the vicinity of Cartagena to leave their houses.

At a meeting of Bank managers in Toronto, on the 11th, the outlook for the winter was represented as anything but promising. Money is expected to be tight.

THERE was an immense open air demonstration at Cork, Ireland, in favor of Fenian Amnesty, Home Rule, and the Rights of Labor. There was much disorder.

THE Aylmer Council has granted \$5,000 towards the construction of the Northern Colonization Railway, with the proviso that work shall be commenced at that place.

SIR George Rawlinson, in a speech at Birmingham last night, expressed the hope that England would send a vessel to complete the investigations of the Polaris Expedition.

ANOTHER naval battle is impending outside of Cartagena. The insurgents have rallied after their late repulse by the National squadron, and are now resolved to fight to the bitter end.

THE British Government having represented to the Emperor of Brazil the suffering of English emigrants to that country, 164 have been given free passages by the Brazilian authorities.

THE Irish Agricultural Laborers' Union, in the event of the Government failing to settle the question of the waste lands in Ireland, have decided to emigrate to the United States en masse.

SIR Edward Landseer's funeral took place on the 11th, the remains being escorted to St. Paul's by a number of the members of the Royal Academy. The Queen and Prince of Wales were represented.

PARTIAL returns from four of the Departments in which elections took place on Saturday to fill the vacancies in the French Assembly, show that three Republicans were returned by overwhelming majorities.

THE athletic sports at Quebec, under the patronage of their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Dufferin, were highly successful. A party of Huron Indians presented His Excellency with an address, to which he made an appropriate reply.

THE Republican deputies in the French Assembly waited on ex-President Thiers yesterday and congratulated him on the recent successes in the provinces. Thiers expressed his gratification at the result of the elections, as it would strengthen the hands of the Republicans.

THE ravages of yellow fever in Memphis, Tenn., are represented as dreadful. Business is suspended, houses and stores are deserted, and there is scarce a house but has lost one of its inmates. The panic is so great that parents desert their children, and children their parents.

THE DAYS LONG PAST.

BY F. T. FALGRAVE.

O days long past! When night is deep
Yet oft wage war with holy sleep,
And to some spectral region far
Bear the sick soul your prisoner.

Before us in procession slow
The dim pathetic faces go,
Crying, "why scorn our weakness thus?
They present soon will be like us!"

First childhood, with pale gold around
His brows and wither'd ash-leaves bound.
And in his azure-saded eyes
The morning-star of Paradise.

First-faith, with rosy limbs, to whom
God every night was in the room.
And o'er our heads bade slumber creep
With touch of hands more soft than sleep.

First-love, with buoyant gestures still'd,
And eyes of promise unfulfilled,
And trembling on his lips the while
The sunset of the ancient smile.

And other presences between,
And visions rather felt than seen,
With tears upon their garments' hem,
So dear, I may not look on them.

—Once more! O once more!—But though
Silent, nor any love-sign show,
I know the lost are lost; and then
In gloomier gloom night falls again.

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The
Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER II.

LADY BAKER.

It was hardly one o'clock when they beheld the terraced gardens of Mardenholme; gardens that were worth a day's journey to see; a thoroughly Italian picture set in a thoroughly English landscape; marble balustrades surmounting banks of flowers; tall spire-shaped conifers ranged at intervals, tier above tier; marble steps, and marble basins, in every direction; and below this show-garden, sloping down to the river, a lawn of softest verdure, bordered by vast shrubberies, that to the stranger seemed pathless, yet where a fallen leaf could hardly have been found, so exquisite was the order of the grounds.

Geoffrey tied his boat to the lower branch of a mighty willow which dipped its green tresses in the stream, leaped out, and landed his cousins as coolly as if he had arrived at an hotel. No mortal was to be seen for the first moment, but Dessie's swift eyes beheld a white shirt-sleeve gleaming athwart a group of magnolias.

"There's a gardener over there," she said; "we'd better ask him if Lady Baker is in the grounds."

They made for the gardener, who, with the slow and philosophic air of a man whose wages are not dependent on the amount of his labor, was decapitating daisies that had been impudent enough to lift their vulgar heads in this patrician domain. This hireling informed them that he had seen her ladyship somewhere about ten not minutes ago. She was in the Chaney temple, perhaps, and he volunteered to show them the way.

"You needn't trouble yourself," said Dessie. "I know the way."

"What does he mean by the Chaney temple?" asked Geoffrey, as they departed.

"It is a garden-house Lady Baker has had sent over from China," answered Belle. "I know she's fond of sitting there."

They entered a darksome alley in the shrubbery, which wound along the river-bank some little way, opening into a kind of wilderness; a very tame wilderness, inhabited by waterfowl of various tribes, which stretched out their necks and screamed vindictively at the intruders. Here on the brink of the river was the garden-house, an edifice of bamboo and lattice-work, adorned with bells, very much open to all the winds of heaven, but a pleasant shelter on a sultry day in August. When the breeze shook them, the numerous bells rang ever so faintly, and the sound woke echoes on the farther bank of the stream.

Lady Baker was reclining in a bamboo-chair, reading, with a young lady and gentleman, and a Japanese pug in attendance upon her.

"Dear Lady Baker," cried Belle, anxious to make the best of her unceremonious approach, "I hope you won't think it very dreadful of us

to come into the garden this way like burglars; but my cousin Geoffrey was so anxious to be presented to you, that he insisted on rowing us here this morning."

"I do think it extremely dreadful," replied the lady with a pleasant laugh. "And so this is the cousin of whom I have heard so much. Welcome to Mardenholme, Mr. Hossack. We ought to have known each other long before this, since we are such near neighbors."

"I have the honor to possess a small estate not far from your ladyship's," answered Geoffrey; "but, being hitherto unacquainted with the chief attraction of the neighborhood in your person, I have ignorantly given a lease of my place to a retired sugar-broker."

"That's a pity, for I think we should have been good neighbors. Mr. Hossack, Mrs. Wimble; Mr. Wimble, Mr. Hossack," murmured Lady Baker in a parenthesis; at which introduction the young lady and the young gentleman, newly married, and indifferent to the external world, honored Geoffrey with distant bows, and immediately withdrew to a trellised balcony overhanging the river, to gaze upon

Times and the critical journals, kept herself far in advance of those stupid people who wade through books. She skimmed the cream of other people's knowledge, shrugged her shoulders in mild depreciation of books she had never read, and wore the newest shades of opinion as she wore the newest colors. For the rest, she was of an uncertain age, had been in society for about a quarter of a century, and looked five-and-thirty. Her light-brown hair, which she wore with almost classic simplicity, as yet revealed no tell-tale streak of silver. Perhaps, like Mr. Mivers in *Kenelm Chillingly*, Lady Baker had begun her wig early.

Sir Horatio Veering Baker, the husband of this distinguished personage, was rather an appendage of her state than an entity. She produced him on ceremonial occasions, just as her butler produced the parcel-gilt tankards and gigantic rose-water salvers on the buffet; and at other times he retired, like the moon on those dark nights when earth knows not her gentle splendor. He was a mild-faced old man, who devoted his days to various ologies, in which no one but himself and his old servant seemed to

flower beds, in the hope that this perambulatory exhibition might presently procure him the opportunity for which his soul languished.

"Let me once find myself alone with this nice old party," he said to himself, "and I won't let the chance slip. She shall tell me all she knows about the villain who wronged Janet Davoren."

To his infinite vexation, however, his cousins who worshipped the mistress of Mardenholme, followed close upon her footsteps throughout the exposition, went into raptures with every novelty among the ferny tribes, and made themselves altogether a nuisance. Geoffrey was beginning to struggle with dreary yawns when the Mardenholme luncheon gong relieved the situation.

"And now that I've shown you my latest acquisition let us go to luncheon," said Lady Baker, who was never happier than when feeding a new acquaintance. In fact, she liked her friends very much as she liked her orchids and ferns—for the sake of their novelty.

Nobody ever refused an invitation from Lady Baker. It was almost the same thing as a royal command. Dessie and Bella murmured something about "papa," and the voice of duty which called them back to Hillersdon. But Lady Baker waved the objection with that regal air of hers, which implied that any one else's inconvenience was a question of smallest moment when her pleasure was at stake.

"I should be positively unhappy if you went away," she said; "I have only that Mr. and Mrs. Wimble, whom you just now saw in the garden house. This is their first visit since their honeymoon, and their exhibition of mutual affection is almost unendurable. But as it is a match of my own making I am obliged to tolerate the nuisance. They are my only visitors until to-morrow. So if you don't stop, I shall be bored to death between this and dinner. I actually caught that absurd child, Florence Wimble, in the very act of spelling "you darling," in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet to that simpleton of a husband of hers across the breakfast table this morning."

Moved by this melancholy picture, Dessie and Bella consented to remain. Geoffrey had meant to stay from the outset. Indeed, he had landed on the greensward of Mardenholme determined to attain his object before he left.

CHAPTER III.

LADY BAKER TELLS THE STORY OF THE PAST.

The luncheon party was gay enough, in spite of Mr. and Mrs. Wimble's infatuation for each other, which rendered them, as it were, non-existing for the rest of the party. They gazed upon each other with rapt admiring eyes, and handed each other creams and jellies, and smiled at each other upon the smallest provocation. But to-day Lady Baker suffered them to amuse themselves after their own fashion, and gave all her attention to Geoffrey. If he was not distinguished in the realms of art, he was at least an agreeable young man, who knew how to flatter a lady of fashion on the wrong side of forty without indulging in that florid coloring which awakens doubts of the flatterer's good faith. He improved his opportunities at luncheon to such good purpose, that when that meal was over, and the devoted Mr. Wimble had been carried off by his wife and the other two ladies to play croquet, Lady Baker volunteered to show Geoffrey the Mardenholme picture-gallery—a very fair collection of modern art, which had been acquired by her ladyship's father, a great Manchester man; for it was commerce in soft goods which had created the wealth wherewith this lady had endowed Sir Horatio Veering Baker, and whence had arisen all the splendors of Mardenholme. This was the very thing Geoffrey desired, and for which he had been scheming, with the *finesse* of a Jesuit, during the hospitable meal. He had affected an enthusiast's love of art, declaring how, from his earliest youth, he had languished to behold the treasures of the Mardenholme gallery.

Lady Baker was delighted.

"My father lived all his later life among artists," she said. "He made his fortune in commerce, as I daresay you have heard; but in heart he was an artist. I myself have painted a little." (What had Lady Baker not done a little?) "But music is my grand passion. The pictures were almost all bought off the easel—several of them inspired by my father's suggestions. He was full of imagination. Come, Mr. Hossack, while those foolish people play croquet we will take a stroll in the gallery."

She led the way through the wide marble-paved hall, whence ascended a staircase of marble, like that noble one in the Duke of Buccleuch's palace at Dalkeith, and thence to the gallery, a spacious apartment lighted from the roof. It was here Lady Baker gave her concerts and musical kettledrums, to which half the country came to sip black coffee and eat ices and stare at the pictures, while the lady's latest discovery in the world of harmony charmed or excruciated their ears as the case might be.

To-day this apartment looked delightfully cool and quiet after the sunlit brightness of the other rooms. A striped canvas blind was drawn over the glass roof, gentle zephyrs floated in through invisible apertures, and a tender half-light prevailed which was pleasant for tired eyes, if not the best possible light for seeing pictures.

"I'll have the blinds drawn up," said Lady Baker, "and you shall see my gems. There is an Etty yonder that I would not part with if a



"A MORNING GREETING."

that limpid stream, or, in Geoffrey's modern vocabulary, "to spoon." "You are a wonderful traveller, I understand," continued her ladyship.

"Hardly, in the modern sense of the word," said Geoffrey, with becoming modesty. "I have hunted the bighorn on the Rocky Mountains, and shot grouse in Norway; but I have neither discovered the source of a river, or found an unknown waterfall; in short, as a traveller, I am very small potatoes. But as a rule I keep moving, locomotion being about the only employment open to a man to whom Providence has denied either talent or ambition."

"You are at any rate more modest than the generality of lions, Mr. Hossack," Lady Baker replied graciously.

She was a little woman, sallow and thin, with a face which in any one less than the mistress of Mardenholme would have been insignificant. But she had fine eyes and teeth, dressed with the exquisite taste of a woman who studied the fitness of things and not the fashion-book. She had a manner that was at once stately and caressing, and could confer a favor with the air of a princess of the blood royal. She had spent all her life in society, and, except when she slept, knew not what it was to be alone. She could have but scanty leisure for reading, yet she knew, or seemed to know, everything that society knew. Her detractors declared that she never read anything but the newspapers, and thus, by a zealous study of the editorials in the

take the faintest interest—and the servant only pretended. He inhabited, for the most part, a distant wing of the mansion, where he had a vast area of glass cases for the display of those specimens which illustrated his ologies, and represented the labor of his life. Sometimes, but not always, he appeared at the bottom of his dinner-table; and when, among her ladyship's guests, a scientific man perchance appeared, Sir Horatio did him homage, and carried him off after dinner for an inspection of the specimens. Lady Baker was amiably tolerant of her husband's hobbies, received him with unvarying graciousness when he hobbled into her drawing-room in his dress-coat and antique tie, looking hardly less antediluvian than the petrified jawbone of a megatherium, which was one of the gems in his collection, and was politely solicitous for his well-being when he pronounced himself "a little fagged," and preferred to dine in his study.

Geoffrey soon found himself on the friendliest terms with the mistress of Mardenholme. Lady Baker liked good-looking young men who had no unpleasant consciousness of their good looks, and liked the modern easy manner of youth, provided the ease never degenerated into insolence. She took Geoffrey under her wing immediately, walked nearly a mile with him under the midday sun, protected by a huge white silk umbrella, to show him the lions of Mardenholme; that profound hypocrite, Mr. Hossack, affecting an ardent admiration of ferneries and

good fairy offered me five additional years of life in exchange for it."

"With so long a lease of life still in hand, five years more or less can seem of no consequence," said Geoffrey gallantly; "but I think an octogenarian would accept even a smaller bid for the picture."

"Flatterer!" exclaimed Lady Baker. "If you wish to see the pictures, you must be good enough to ring that bell, in order that we may get a little more light."

"A moment, dear Lady Baker," pleaded Geoffrey; "this half-light is delightful, and my eyes are like a cat's. I can see best in a demi-obscenity like this. Yes, the Etty is charming. What modelling, what chiaroscuro, what delicious coloring!"

"You are looking at a Frost," said Lady Baker, with offended dignity.

"A thousand pardons. I recognise the delicacy of his outlines, the purity of his color. But forgive me, Lady Baker, when I tell you that my devotion to art is secondary to my desire to be alone with you!"

Lady Baker looked at him with a startled expression. Was it possible that this young Oxonian had been seized with a sudden and desperate passion for a woman old enough to be his mother? Young men are so foolish; and Lady Baker was so accustomed to bear herself talked of as a divinity, that she could hardly suppose herself inferior in attractiveness to Cleopatra or Ninon de l'Enclos.

"What do you mean, Mr. Hossack?"

"Only that, presuming on your ladyship's well-known nobility of soul and goodness of heart, I am about to appeal to both. Women of fashion have been called fickle, but I cannot think you deserve that reproach."

"I am not a woman of fashion," answered Lady Baker, still very much in the dark; "I have lived for art—art the all-sufficing, the eternal—not for the petty frivolities which make up the sum of a London season. If I have lived in the midst of a crowd, it is because I have sought intellect and genius wherever it was to be found. I have striven to surround myself with great souls. If sometimes I have discovered only the empty husk where I had hoped to find the precious kernel, it is not my fault."

"Would that the world could boast of more such women!" exclaimed Geoffrey, feeling that he had cleared an avenue to the subject he wanted to arrive at. "Amongst your protégées of years gone by, Lady Baker, there was one in whose fate I am profoundly interested. She is the sister of my most valued friend. I speak of Janet Davoren."

Lady Baker started, and a cloud came over her face, as if that name had been suggestive of painful recollections.

"O, Mr. Hossack, why do you mention that unfortunate girl's name? I have been so miserable about her—have even felt myself to blame for her flight, and all the trouble it brought on that good old man her father. He never would confess that she had run away from home; he spoke of her always in the same words: 'She is staying with friends in London;' but every one knew there was some sad mystery connected with her disappearance, and I was only too well able to guess the nature of that mystery. But you speak of her as if you knew her—as if you could enlighten me as to her present position. If it is in your power to do that, I shall be beyond measure grateful to you; you will take a load from my mind."

"I may be able to do that by and by," answered Geoffrey; "at present I can say very little, except that the lady lives, and that her brother is my friend. From you, Lady Baker, I venture to ask all the information you can give me as to those circumstances which led to Miss Davoren's disappearance from Wykhampton."

Lady Baker sighed and paused before she responded to this inquiry.

"All I can tell you amounts to but little," she said; "and even that little is, for the greater part, conjecture or mere guess-work. But what I can tell shall be freely told, and if I can be of any service to that poor girl, either now or in the future, she may rely on my friendship; and, whatever the circumstances of her flight, she shall have my compassion."

"Those circumstances reflect no shame upon her, Lady Baker," answered Geoffrey with warmth. "She was a victim, but not a sinner."

"I am most thankful to hear that. And now sit down, Mr. Hossack, and you shall hear my story. I think I can guess the nature of your interest in this lady, in spite of your reserve; and if I can help you towards any good result, I shall be delighted to do so. There are few girls I ever met more worthy of admiration, and, I believe, of esteem, than Janet Davoren."

They sat down side by side in a recess at the end of the gallery; and here Lady Baker began her story.

"I first met Miss Davoren," she said, "at the castle. The Marchioness had taken her up on account of her fine voice; although Lady Guildford has no more soul for music than a potato; but, like the rest of the world, she likes to have attractive people about her; and so she had taken up Miss Davoren. The dear girl was as beautiful as she was gifted."

"She is so still!" cried Geoffrey with enthusiasm.

"Ah, I thought I was right!" said Lady Baker; at which Geoffrey blushed like a girl. "Yes, she was positively beautiful; and if she had sat like a statue to be looked at and admired, she would have been an attraction; but her talent and beauty together made her almost

divine. My heart was drawn to her at once. I called at Wykhampton vicarage next day, and invited Mr. Davoren and his daughter to my next dinner-party; and then I asked Janet to spend a long day with me alone—not a creature to be allowed to disturb us—for, as I told her, I wanted really to know her. We spent that day together in my boudoir, giving ourselves up to the delight of music and intellectual conversation. I found Janet all soul; full of imagination and poetry, romantic, enthusiastic, a poet's ideal heroine. I made her sing Mozart's Masses to me until my soul was steeped in melody. In a word, we discovered that there was perfect sympathy between us, and I did not rest till I had persuaded Mr. Davoren to let his daughter come to stay with me. He was averse from this. He talked of the disparity in our modes of life, feared that the luxury and gaiety of Mardenholme would make the girl's home seem poor and dull by comparison; but I overruled his objections, appealed to the mother's pride in her child, hinted at the great things which might come of Janet's introduction to society, and had my own way. Fatal persistence! How often have I looked back to that day and regretted my selfish pertinacity! But I really did think I might be the means of getting the dear girl a good husband."

"And you succeeded in uniting her to a villain," said Geoffrey bitterly; then remembering himself he added hastily, "Pray pardon my impertinence, Lady Baker, but this is a subject upon which I feel strongly."

"You foolish young man!" exclaimed Lady Baker in her grand way, that air of calm superiority with which she had gone through the world, the proud serenity of mind which accompanies the possession of unlimited means. "Do you think if I had not read your secret at the very first that I should take the trouble to tell you all this? Well, the dear girl came to stay with me. I was charmed with her. Sir Horatio even liked her, although he rarely takes notice of any one unconnected with ologies. He showed her his specimens, recommended her to study geology—which he said would open her mind—and made himself remarkably pleasant whenever he found her with me."

Lady Baker paused, sighed thoughtfully, and then took up the thread of her recollections.

"How happy we were! I should bore you if I described our intercourse. We were like girls together, for Janet's society made me younger. I felt I had discovered in this girl a mind equal to my own, and I was not too proud to place myself on a level with her. I had very few people with me when she first came, and we lived our own lives in perfect freedom, wandering about the grounds—it was in early summer—staying up till long after midnight listening to that dear girl's singing, and thoroughly enjoying ourselves. One afternoon I drove Janet in my pony carriage to Hillsleigh, where I dare say you know there is a fine old Gothic church, and a still finer organ."

"I can guess what is coming," said Geoffrey, frowning.

"Yes, it was at Hillsleigh we first met the man whose baneful influence destroyed that poor child's life; and O, Mr. Hossack, I blame myself for this business. If it had not been for my folly, he could never have possessed himself of Janet's mind as he did. I saw the evil when it was too late to undo what I had done."

"Pray go on," said Geoffrey eagerly; "I want to know who and what that man was."

"A mystery," answered Lady Baker. "And unhappily it was the mystery which surrounded him that made him most attractive to a romantic girl. Please let me tell the story my own way. How well I remember that June afternoon, the soft warm air, the birds singing in the old churchyard! We wandered about among the tombstones for a little while, reading the epitaphs, and, I am afraid, sometimes laughing at them, until all at once Janet caught hold of my arm and cried 'Hark!' her face lighted up with rapture. Through the open windows of the church there came such a burst of melody, the opening of the *Agnus Dei* in Mozart's Twelfth, played by a master-hand. 'O,' whispered Janet, with a gasp of delight, 'isn't that lovely!'

"It was that scoundrel!" cried Geoffrey.

"I told you the Hillsleigh organ was worth hearing," said I. "Yes," said Janet, "but you did not tell me that the organist was one of the finest players in England. I'm sure that man must be." "Why, my dear," said I, "when I was last here the man played the usual droning voluntaries. This must be a new organist. Let's go in and see him." "No," said Janet, stopping me, "let us stay here till he has done playing. He may leave off if we go in." So we sat down upon one of the crumbling old tombstones and listened to our heart's content. The man played through a great part of the Mass, and then strayed off into something else; wild strange music, which might or might not be sacred, but which sounded to me like a musical version of the great Pandemonium scene in *Paradise Lost*. Altogether this lasted nearly an hour, and then we heard the church door open and saw the player come out."

"Pray describe him."

"He was tall and thin. I should think about five-and-thirty, with a face that was at once handsome and peculiar; a narrow oval face with a low forehead, an aquiline nose, a complexion pale to sallowness—like ivory that has yellowed with age—and the blackest eyes I ever saw."

"And black hair that grew in a peculiar fashion, growing downward into a peak in the centre of the forehead," cried Geoffrey breathlessly.

"What, you know him, then?" exclaimed Lady Baker.

"I believe I met with him in the backwoods of America; your description both of the man and of his style of music precisely fits the man I am thinking of. That peculiarity about the form of the hair upon the forehead seems too much for a coincidence. I wonder what became of that man?" he added, thinking aloud.

"Let me finish my story, and then I will show you Mr. Vandeleur's photograph," said Lady Baker.

"You have a photograph of him?" cried Geoffrey; "how lucky!"

"Yes; and my possession of that portrait arises from the merest accident. I had a couple of photographers about the place at the time of Mr. Vandeleur's visits, photographing the gardens and ferneries for me, and one afternoon I took it into my head to have my guests photographed. We had been drinking tea in the river-garden, and I sent for the men and told them to arrange us in a group for a photograph. They pulled us about and moved and fidgeted us till we were all half worn out; but they ultimately produced half-a-dozen very fair groups, in a modern Watteau style, and Janet and Mr. Vandeleur are striking figures in all the groups. But this is anticipating events. I'll show you the photos by and by."

"I await your ladyship's pleasure," said Geoffrey, "and am calm as a statue of Patience; but I would bet even money that this Vandeleur is the self-same scoundrel Lucius Davoren and I fell in with in America."

"Extraordinary coincidences hardly surprise me, my life has been made up of them," said Lady Baker. "Well, Mr. Hossack, enchanted with his playing, I was foolish enough to introduce myself to this stranger, whom I found a man of the world, and, as I believed, a gentleman. He was on a walking tour through the south of England, he told us, and having heard of the Hillsleigh church and the Hillsleigh organ, had come out of his way to spend a day or two in the quiet village to which the church belongs. His manners were conciliating and agreeable. I asked him to breakfast at Mardenholme on the following day, promising him to show him my gardens and let him hear some fine music. He came, heard Janet play and sing after breakfast, and, at my request, stayed all day. I daresay you would think me a very foolish woman if I were to attempt to describe the influence this man soon began to exercise over me. I knew nothing of him, except what he chose to tell, and that was rather hinted than told. But he contrived to make me believe that he was a man of position and of large wealth; that his passion for music and his somewhat Bohemian tendencies had made a breach between him and his father; and that he was determined to live in freedom and independence upon a small income which he had inherited from his mother rather than sacrifice his inclinations to the prejudices of a tyrannical old man who wanted his son to make a figure in the House of Commons."

"You made no attempt to discover who and what the man really was."

"No. It seemed painful to him to speak of his father; and I respected his reserve. At the risk of being thought very foolish, I must confess that I was fascinated by the air of romance, and even mystery, which surrounded him; perhaps also somewhat fascinated by the man himself, whose very eccentricities were attractive. He was so different from other people; followed in no way the conventional model by which most men shape themselves; took so little trouble to make himself agreeable. Again, he entered my house only as a passing stranger. His genius, and not the importance and respectability of his connection, gave him the right of admission to my house. If I tried to lure the butterfly into my drawing-room for the sake of its brilliant coloring, I should hardly trouble myself about the butterfly's parentage or antecedents. So with Mr. Vandeleur. I accepted him for what he was—an amateur musician of exceptional powers. I daresay, if he had been a professional artist, I should have taken more pains to find out who he was."

"I daresay," retorted Geoffrey bitterly, "if he had confessed to getting his living by his talents, you would have been doubtful as to the safety of your plate. But a fine gentleman, strolling through the country for his own pleasure, is a different order of being."

"Mr. Hossack, I fear you are a democrat! That dreadful Oxford is the cradle of advanced opinions. However," continued Lady Baker, "Mr. Vandeleur took up his quarters at our village inn, and spent the greater part of his time in this house. I take some credit to myself, being by nature sadly impulsive, for not having asked him to stay here altogether. For my own part, I had no doubt as to his respectability. Vandeleur was a good name. True, it might be assumed; but then the man himself had a superior air. I thought I could not be mistaken. Mardenholme filled with visitors soon after Mr. Vandeleur's appearance among us. Every one seemed to like him. His genius astounded and charmed the women. The men liked his conversation, and admired, and even envied, him for his billiard playing, which I believe was *hors ligne*. The time I have not given to music I have given to billiards," he said when some one wondered at his skill. This must have been exaggeration, however, for he had read enormously, and could talk upon every possible subject."

"Yes," said Geoffrey thoughtfully, "the description tallies in every detail—allowing for the difference between a man in the centre of civilisation, and the same man run wild and

savaged by semi-starvation. I know this Vandeleur."

"You know where he is, and what he is doing?" asked Lady Baker eagerly.

"No. At a random guess I should think it probable that his skeleton is peacefully moulting under the pine-trees somewhere between the Athabasca and the Pacific—unless he was as lucky as my party in falling across better travelled travellers."

Geoffrey had entertained her ladyship with a slight sketch of his American adventures during luncheon, so she understood this allusion.

"You must tell me all about your meeting with him by and by," she said. "I have very little more to tell you. Those two, Janet and Mr. Vandeleur, were brought together very often by their common genius. He accompanied her songs, taught her new forms of expression, showed her the mechanics of her art; and her improvement under this tuition, even in a little less than three weeks, was marvelous. They sang together, played concertante duets for violin and piano, and sometimes spent hours together alone in this room, preparing some new surprise for the evening. You will say that I ought to have considered the danger of such companionship for a romantic inexperienced girl. I should have done so, perhaps, had I not believed in this Mr. Vandeleur, and had there not been lurking in my mind a dim idea that a marriage between him and Janet would be the most natural thing in the world. True, that according to his own showing his resources were small in the present; yet there could be no doubt, I thought, that he would ultimately be reconciled to his father, and restored to his proper position. But, remember Mr. Hossack, this was only a vague notion, an idea of something that might happen in the remote future, when we should have become a great deal better acquainted with Mr. Vandeleur and his surroundings. Of present danger I had not a thought."

"Strange blindness," said Geoffrey. "But then Fortune is blind, and in this instance you were Fortune."

"Bear in mind," replied Lady Baker, "that this man was full fifteen years Janet's senior, that she was immensely admired by men who were younger, and, in the ordinary sense of the word, far more attractive. Why should I think this man would exercise so fatal an influence over her? But towards the end of her visit my eyes were opened. I came into this room one morning and found Janet in tears by yonder piano, while Mr. Vandeleur bent over her, speaking in a low earnest voice. Both started guiltily at sight of me. This, and numerous other trifling indications, told me that there was mischief at work; and when Mr. Davoren wrote to me a few days afterwards, urging his daughter's return, I was only too glad to let her go, believing that the end of her visit would be the end of all danger. When she was gone, I considered it my duty, as her friend, to ascertain the real state of the case. I told Mr. Vandeleur my suspicions, and assured him of my sympathy and my interest if he were, as I believed, anxious to win Janet for his wife. But to my utter astonishment and indignation he repudiated the idea; declared his profound esteem and admiration for Miss Davoren, and talked of 'fetters'—the nature of which he did not condescend to explain. Yet I found you talking to that young lady in a manner which had moved her to tears," I said doubtfully. "My dear madam, I had been telling her the troubles of my youth," he answered with perfect self-possession, "and that gentle heart was moved to pity." "A gentle heart, indeed," I replied; "who would not hate the scoundrel who could wound it?" I was by no means satisfied with this conversation, and from that moment lowered my opinion of Mr. Vandeleur. He may have perceived the change in my feelings; in any case, he speedily announced his intention of travelling farther westward, thanked me for my friendly reception, and bade me good-bye. Only a few weeks after that I heard of Janet Davoren's disappearance. You can imagine, perhaps, what I suffered, blaming my own blindness, my foolish neglect, as the primary cause of her ruin."

"There is a fate in these things," said Geoffrey gloomily.

"I called upon Mr. Davoren, hinted at my fears, and entreated him to be candid with me. But he evaded my questions with a proud reserve, which I could but admire, and kept the secret of his daughter's disgrace, even though it was breaking his heart. Thus repulsed, what could I do? And the claims upon my time are so incessant. Life is such a whirligig, Mr. Hossack. If I had had more leisure for thinking, I should have been perfectly miserable about that poor girl."

"You never obtained any clue to her fate?"

"No. Yet at one moment the thread seemed almost in my hand, had I been but in time to follow it. Three years after that fatal summer, a cousin of Sir Horatio's, a young lieutenant in the navy, who had been with us at the time of Miss Davoren's visit, came here for the shooting. 'What do you think, Lady Baker?' he drawled out at dinner the first day in his stupid haw-haw manner, "I met that fellow Vandeleur last Christmas, at Milksham, in Dorsetshire. I was down there to look up my old uncle Timberley—you remember old Timberley, Sir Horatio, the man from whom I'm supposed to have expectations; revolting old fellow, who has got in his stomach twice a year and never seems any the worse for it. Well, Lady Baker, I found a fellow I knew down at Milksham, an ensign in the regiment quartered there, and he was dooced civil, and asked me to dine with

him on their guest night, and there as large as life I beheld our old friend Vandeur. He seemed uncommonly popular in the mess, but he wasn't overpleased to see me; and my friend Lucas told me afterwards that in his opinion the man was no better than an adventurer, and the colonel was a fool to encourage him. He was always winning everybody's money, and never seemed to lose any of his own; altogether there's something queer about him. There's an uncommonly pretty woman with him—his wife, I suppose—but she never goes anywhere, or visits anybody, and she looks very unhappy. I came back to London next day, and I had a letter from Lucas a week afterwards to say that there'd been an awful burst-up at Milksham; that Vandeur had been caught in the act of cheating at whist—the stakes high, and so on—and had been morally, if not physically, kicked out of the mess-room; after which he had bolted, leaving the poor little wife and no end of debts behind him."

"Did you act upon this information, Lady Baker?" asked Geoffrey.

"I went to Milksham next day, and with some difficulty found the house in which the Vandeurs had lodged; but Mrs. Vandeur had left the town within the last few weeks with her little girl, and no one could tell me what had become of her. She was very good, very honorable, very unhappy, the landlady told me; had lived in the humblest way, and supported herself by teaching music after her husband left her. I made the woman describe her to me, and the description exactly fitted Janet."

"You have not heard a Mrs. Bertram, a singer, who appeared at a good many concerts in London last winter?"

"No. I spent last winter in Paris. Do you mean to tell me that this Mrs. Bertram is Janet Davoren under an assumed name?"

"I hardly feel myself at liberty to tell you even as much as that without permission from the lady herself. But since you have been so very good to me, Lady Baker, I cannot be churlish enough to affect secrecy in anything that concerns myself alone. You have guessed rightly. I am attached to this lady, and my nearest hope is that I may win her for my wife; but to do this I must discover the fate of her infamous husband, since she refuses to repudiate a tie which I have strong reason to believe is illegal. And now, Lady Baker, pray show me those photographs, and let me see if the man who ruined Janet Davoren's bright young life is really the man I met in the American backwoods."

"Come to my room," said Lady Baker, "and you shall see them."

She led the way to a charming apartment on the upper story, and at one end of the house, spacious, luxurious, with windows commanding every angle of view—bow-windows overhanging the river on one side, an oriel commanding the distant hills on another, long French windows opening upon a broad balcony on the third. Here were scattered these periodicals with which Lady Baker fortified her mind, and supplied herself with the latest varieties in opinion; here were divers davenport and writing-tables at which Lady Baker wrote those delightful epistles which were doubtless destined to form part of the light literature of the next generation, printed on thickest paper, and sumptuously bound, and adorned with portraits of her ladyship after different painters, and at various stages of her distinguished career.

Here, on a massive stand, were numerous portfolios of photographs, one of which was labelled "Personal Friends."

"You will find the groups in that, Mr. Hossack," she said, and looked over Geoffrey's shoulder while he went slowly through the photographs.

They came presently to a garden scene, a group of young men and women against a background of sunlit lawn and river; light rustic chairs scattered about, a framework of summer foliage, a tea-table on one side, a Blenheim spaniel and a Maltese terrier in the foreground."

Janet's tall figure and noble face appeared conspicuously among figures less perfect, faces more commonplace, and by her side stood the man whom Geoffrey Hossack had seen in the flesh, wild, unkempt, haggard, famished, savage, amidst the awful solitude of the pine forest.

"Yes," he said, "this is the man."

(To be continued.)

ROAST OYSTERS.—There is no pleasanter frolic for an autumn evening, in the regions where oysters are plentiful, than an impromptu "roast" in the kitchen. There the oysters are hastily thrown into the fire by the peck. You may consider that your fastidious taste is marvelously respected if they are washed first. A bushel basket is set to receive the empty shells, and the click of the oyster-knives forms a constant accompaniment to the music of laughing voices. Nor are roast oysters amiss on your own quiet supper-table, when the "good man" comes in on a wet night, tired and hungry, and wants "something heartening." Wash and wipe the shell-oysters, and lay them in the oven, if it is quick; upon the top of the stove, if it is not. When they open, they are done. Pile in a large dish and send to table. Remove the upper shell by a dexterous wrench of the knife, season the oyster on the lower, with pepper, sauce and butter, or pepper, salt and vinegar in lieu of the sauce, and you have the very aroma of this pearl of bivalves, pure and undefiled.

THE LASS OF BOONTREE.

BY ANDREW WANLESS.

Sweet Kate o' Boontree, ye maun a' understand,
Has a dark rolling e'e and a lily-white hand;
My certy! she's played unco havoc wi' me,
I'm fairly bewitched wi' sweet Kate o' Boontree.

I think o' her beauty, perfection and grace,
And I dream o' her beauty, her ribbons, and
lace.

Though absent, guidfaith! she's aye present wi'
me—

In the heart o' my bosom dwells Kate o' Boontree!

'Twas nae long ago I thought love was a joke,
But now my heart loups like a cat in a poke;
Ilka hair on my head I would willingly gie'e
For twa or three kisses frae Kate o' Boontree.

Afore I saw Kate, I am free to declare,
I whistled and sang like a lark in the air,
But now in my bonnet I've gotten a bee
That hums a' the day about Kate o' Boontree.

At times I will stand and forget mysel' sair,
Then doon I will plump on a stool or a chair;
I'm nae sooner doon than aff I will flee,
To muse in the woods about Kate o' Boontree.

Aye, ance in a day I was hearty and stoot;
I'm now like a lath, and as white as a cloot,
I canna live lang, and that you will see,
Unless I get married to Kate o' Boontree.

THE LITTLE LADY.

I was stopping at the Hotel Windsor, at Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

One morning I was smoking in the colonnade, when a tall, elegantly dressed gentleman asked permission to light his cigar by mine. I saw at once that he was a Frenchman, although his "English" was nearly perfect.

"Have you heard the news?" he inquired.

"No."

"Is it possible! Why, all Paris is alive with it at this moment."

"What has happened!"

"The Countess de Marville, the fairest of the fair, was found murdered in her bed last night, her bureau broken open and ten thousand francs missing from it. It was terrible! The brute who did the deed effected his entrance through the window of her chamber, near which, unfortunately, was a tall tree planted by the distinguished grandfather of the Countess years ago. Little did he imagine what a terrible use would be made of it."

"This is bad news. How any man could harm a woman thus in cold blood is more than I can imagine."

"Ah, monsieur, if you had ever seen the Countess you would wonder still more. She was beautiful—beautiful as an angel," he added, stroking his whiskers with an unmistakable air of vanity; "I knew her well."

"Indeed."

"Oh, yes. There are in Paris few popular women unknown to me."

His manner now was decidedly conceited, and I felt disgusted. My coldness evidently repelled him, for he soon left me.

Afterwards I heard from others accounts of the late tragedy.

Among the details of the affair was one which peculiarly impressed me—and which my first informant had not spoken of—an oversight which surprised me, as the occurrence he had not mentioned was of that kind which would be most apt to strike the fancy.

Upon the throat of the Countess the murderer, in throttling her, had left a mark from a ring he wore—the impression of a chariot wheel with a star in the centre.

"This," said my latest informant, "may lead to the discovery of the murderer. Jean Mosqueau is already visiting the jewellers' shops to find out from which and by whom a ring with a chariot-wheel device was purchased."

"Who is Jean Mosqueau?"

"What, Mosqueau, our famous detective? Although his courage is well known, you would not, to look at his fair, delicate face and form, believe that he could fight a gnat!"

A week later I was aboard the steamer, bound from Calais to Dover.

Among the passengers I beheld one whose face looked familiar to me. I was not long in recognizing this person as the same I had seen in front of the Hotel Windsor, and who had first informed me of the murder of the Countess.

He was certainly a very handsome man, although his conceited air was a blot upon his good looks.

He moved languidly hither and thither, turning his brown eyes admiringly upon the pretty lady passengers, while stroking his whiskers with one white hand, upon the middle finger of which was a superb diamond ring.

I am rather of a suspicious nature, which, combined with a lively imagination, had often led me into singular errors.

Now, a strange impulse moved me to advance and hold out my hand to the man whom I had involuntarily disliked from the first, in order that I might have a chance to glance at his ring. Somehow the idea possessed me that I should discover a chariot wheel device upon the glittering bauble.

The stranger did not at first recognize me. He soon did, however, and frankly extended his left hand, which was not the one containing the ring.

My brain fairly reeled; the man's behavior was a confirmation of my suspicions.

"The other hand, if you please," I said, in a low, stern voice.

"Monsieur will please excuse me; my other arm is lame with the rheumatism."

He beheld me glance towards the half-hidden ring, and I was sure I saw him start and turn pale, at the same time looking much surprised. He, however, opened his right hand, as if perfectly willing for me to shake it if I chose to.

Then I had a good look at the ring, and felt ashamed of my suspicions. The device was a common heart, which certainly had no resemblance to a chariot wheel.

After a general conversation to recover my self-possession, I turned away, resolved in the future to have a better opinion of my fellow-creatures.

The strangers' good looks seemed to attract the attention of a good many of the ladies. One especially, a modest-looking little thing attired in black, kept directing furtive glances at the handsome passenger. Finally she glided so close to him that in turning he brushed against her.

An apology, smilingly received by the little lady, a remark about the weather on the part of the gentleman, and the two were soon conversing with animation. Meanwhile the blushing cheek and bright eyes of the fair one seemed to betoken what she was well pleased with her companion, whose air was more conceited than ever.

"I am afraid we shall have a storm," she remarked pointing towards a dark cloud upon which the captain of the boat was gazing anxiously.

"We may, but do not be alarmed, madame."

With an air of nonchalance he pulled a red cigar-case from his pocket and asked his companion if she objected to a smoke. Then he started, and quickly returning the red one to his pocket pulled forth another of a blue color.

"How many cigars do you smoke in a day?" inquired the lady, evidently amused at the sight of two cases.

The other colored, and it struck me that his voice slightly faltered and his hand trembled as he made some laughing reply.

Soon the storm came pouncing down upon us. We were midway in the Channel, so that we caught the full force of the sea and gale. Both were terrific.

The sea swept the boat, which lay so far over that her machinery was soon damaged so that it would not work. The wind, screaming like a demon, threw her over still farther.

Suddenly we observed the sailors endeavoring to loosen a long boat on the davits at the stern. Meanwhile, there was an ominous grinding, smashing noise under the counter. The truth could not be concealed; we were sinking.

The ladies screamed; the handsome passenger lost his self-possession, and ran hither and thither.

The cool behavior of the little lady in black contrasted strangely with the agitated demeanor of those around her.

There she stood calm and immovable, her bright steel-blue eyes fixed upon the handsome stranger, of whom she did not lose sight for a moment.

"Keep quiet, ladies and gentlemen!" sang out the captain—"Keep quiet, and don't crowd around the boat so! There will be room in it for you all; and, besides, there is a schooner coming to our assistance," pointing to a vessel blowing towards us before the wind.

There was, however, a panic among those addressed. The moment the boat was lowered, into it they all bundled, among them the handsome passenger.

A huge sea coming along, roaring like thunder, parted the tackles, tearing the boat from the steamer before the lady in black or I could enter it. The handsome passenger, losing his balance, fell over the gunwale, and being unable to swim wildly threw up his arms.

I must acknowledge that I was so engrossed with the perilous situation of my fair companion and myself—now the only two left aboard the steamer—that I paid little attention to the drowning man.

The steamer was, in fact, going down fast—was already nearly engulfed in the stormy waves, her heated and half-submerged boilers hissing as the steam came gushing out like the spout of a whale.

I was advancing to throw an arm around the little lady, fearing to see her washed away, when, quietly motioning me back with one hand, she seized a coil of rope and threw the end to the handsome passenger. He caught it, when, turning to me, the lady requested me to help haul the man aboard. I complied, marvelling at the love and devotion thus shown by a woman to an acquaintance of an hour.

His power over the female sex must be great, I thought. He is conceited, but not without reason.

The idea flashed clearly across my mind in spite of my danger. The schooner, however, was very near, and I had every reason to believe that we should be picked up.

I was right. We were all taken aboard the schooner, the handsome passenger among the rest. Then the lady in black pulled forth a revolver, pointing it at the head of him whom she had rescued.

"Out with that red cigar-case!" she said sternly. "I would like to see what monsieur carries in it."

"Why—why," stammered the stranger: "what is—"

Before he could say another word, the little Amazon thrust her disengaged hand in his pocket, pulled forth the red cigar-case, and opening it, a ring dropped to the deck.

The ring she picked up, and holding it up before us all exclaimed—

"I have found it at last. The jeweller assured me it was the only one of the device in Paris—a chariot wheel! This person is the murderer of the Countess de Marville!"

The handsome passenger stood as if frozen to the deck, making no resistance as the lady in black slipped a pair of handcuffs over his wrists.

"By what right," he then stammered, "do you—"

He paused as the other threw off her dress and false hair, revealing the person of a slender man with delicate, girlish features.

"I am Jean Mosqueau, the detective!" he quietly remarked, "and I robbed the sea of this man that the scaffold might not be cheated."

There is little more to add. The main proof having been obtained, other proofs on the prisoner's trial were brought forth, showing him guilty beyond doubt.

Long before his execution his name was ascertained to be Louis Rosseneau, a noted adventurer and gambler, who, however, by cool effrontery and a winning address, backed by his good looks, had been enabled to move among the first circles of Parisian Society.

FICITION AS A TEACHER.

The office of a teacher is no light one. Treading always a path beset with responsibilities and cares, each step should be weighed and considered. As a shepherd the flock, so directs he the learners. Does he walk speedily, that the distance may be near?—they speed too. Does he gaze lovingly and musingly on nature's pictures, or bend his ear to the music of the spheres?—they gaze, they listen, likewise. Does he rise to heights, to purer air?—they are beside him. Has he missed his footing, and fallen to the earth?—in eagerness of discipleship they have fallen too. Such a teacher is fiction; for the primary office of fiction is, we maintain, to teach. It may give power, it may amuse—to do either is still to teach. The power of fiction does not rest upon the masterful interest of great authors. It lies deeper, it is hidden in the heart of humanity. "Parables are more ancient than arguments." Where is the child who loves not stories? and the story-loving faculty grows with growth. In some it degenerates into craving for mere story; but in others—and they are, we believe, the majority—the love of story is but a seeking after the ideal, a studying of the mysteries of life and nature, both of which are but great parables. In these days justice is not done to the "Faerie Queene;" it is neither sufficiently read nor studied. Let it be so, and we believe there is no book short of inspiration, the study of which will better teach the higher duties of, or better urge to nobleness of life. Milton, in his "Aeopagitica," calls "our sage and serious poet Spenser a better teacher than Scutus or Aquinas;" John Wesley used to recommend his clerical disciples to read the Bible and the "Faerie Queene" in combination; and Keble speaks of it as "a continual deliberate endeavor to enlist the restless intellect and chivalrous feeling of an inquiring and romantic age on the side of goodness and faith, of purity and justice." Indeed, Spenser says himself, in his introductory letter to Sir W. Raleigh, that "the general end of all the book is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." The good spirits, the evil genii, of fairy tales have we not met them in life? There is, in truth, a wise foolishness in fairy tales; there is a clear thread of right and wrong running through them. Our old friend of the nursery, "Jack, the Giant Killer;" "Beauty and the Beast;" "Cinderella"—do they teach nothing? And legends, though often overlaid with folly, contain much beautiful teaching—the one of the "Holy Grail," for instance. In the form given it by Tennyson, both the imagery and action are full of spiritual significance. The longing after something better and purer than aught of earth; the earnest, careful seeking; the finding; the glory-misted passing of Galabod, are full of lessons. Or take the Arthurian legends as we have them in the "Idylls of the King." It has been well remarked, "in his coming, his foundation of the Round Table, his struggles, disappointments and departure, Arthur the King teaches us the conflict continually maintained between the spirit and the flesh." Historical prose fiction may be said to have been created by Scott. Before him the pictures given of by-gone ages were caricatures; and it is much to be regretted that our historical fiction is of such modern date. Hallam says, "Of how much value would have been a genuine English novel, the mirror of actual life in the various ranks of society, written under Elizabeth or the Stuarts." Modern novels will afford mines of material to the future historian. Shakespeare's historical plays are, in the main, admirable. What he intended is as truly historical in the large sense of moral history as what he read. History has been called "philosophy teaching by example." In Shakespeare's hands the truth of this is brought out with wonderful force, witness "Henry VIII," or "Julius Caesar." Scott's historical fictions are excellent pictures. "Ivanhoe" brings before us with surprising clearness feudal and chivalrous times. The picture is idealized; still it is a picture. "Quentin Durward," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," indeed almost all the historical "Waverleys," are worthy of high praise. We have more modern examples of the historical novel in the "Last Days of Pompeii," "Romola," and "Westward Ho!" of "great Elizabeth's glorious reign."

The Ladies' Page.

FOLLOWING THE FASHIONS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Has any great philosopher, any original thinker, ever said that no man is so wise as all men? If not, I will say it myself rather than it should go unsaid. The fools may be, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague affirmed, three out of four in every person's acquaintance; the multitude seems sometimes to go blindly and persistently in the wrong track; nevertheless the average common-sense of the world is immense. The course of the people is wildly zigzag, yet a line following their general direction probably comes nearer the right line of advance than any line which the wisest philosopher could mark out.

Loud and deep are the maledictions uttered upon the fashions. Virtuous women denounce them by the fireside. Virtuous men rail at them from pulpit and printing-press. The extravagance, the bankruptcy, the domestic dissensions, a great part of the misery that mars the beauty and disturbs the peace of society, are laid at the door of fashion. But what is fashion? It is simply the common way of doing things. Things must be done. We all agree to that. The human animal was not sent furred or hairy into the world. It must dress itself. In this climate it must dress itself a good deal. The bear and the beaver have no opportunity of setting or following the fashions. They go in a fore-ordained groove. The duck's neck and the peacock's tail are wonderful specimens of splendor in attire, but neither duck nor peacock has any hand in the matter. To man alone is given the high art of using taste, judgment, genius, in his clothes. And high art it is, in spite of all our denunciations.

Man and his Maker are the formers of all the fashions of the world. Man devises his own dress. The Creator devised the dress of all the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the fish of the sea. If we are to be taught by example, there need be inherently no limit to variety and splendor of costume. So far as usefulness is concerned, all the birds might just as well be gray. Does a fish taste any better because his scales shimmer like opal in the sunshine? Man may wreak himself of invention, but he can never hope to surpass the splendor of the beetle and the butterfly. Why is the cut of a coat, the tint of a gown, unworthy of the human mind, when the Creator has so clothed the grass of the field which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven? A woman trims her hat, but God made the feather. If the Almighty and All-knowing could find His good pleasure in spreading the blue of the heavens and the green of the meadows—if He enjoyed strewing the earth with blossoms, and filling these autumn woods with every fantasy of color and brilliance—shall we disdain to follow Him with unequal steps, and weave His textures and mingle His hues for the adornment of what He has chosen to be the perfect flower of His world, the crown of His creation, man, little lower than the angels?

Dressing is not a mere whim, arbitrary, superficial, frivolous. Frivolous men and women will develop and display their frivolity in dress as in all other matters; but the fashion of dress is founded on deep principles, shaded by delicate distinctions, fruitful of great results. It is not simply that the sorrow of France drapes all the world in dun; but climate, vigor, nationality, progress, droop the folds or tighten the wraps, blend or blazon the colors. Dress is, indeed, so important, so vital a matter, that it has been thought dangerous for one nationality, though never so superior, to tamper with the costume of another, however inferior. Mr. Charles Nordhoff, an outgrowth of the highest civilization of New York, thinks that "the deleterious habit of wearing clothes has done much to kill off the Hawaiian people." Our missionaries, good and great men as they were, had not sufficiently studied fashion. They probably thought, as most of us think, that "fashion" is the device of some "scarlet woman"—some emanation from the Evil One that lies in wait to devour—and never considered that in their own black goats and white chokers they were as rigidly following the fashions as the most gayly dressed lady at the midnight ball. They did not consider that "fashion," prescribing its scantiness and simplicity to the Hawaiian, had its foundation in the requirements of soil and climate, or was any thing but barbarian, and to be supplanted at the earliest possible moment by the hat and coat and trowsers, the shoes and bonnet and gown, of New England's rigorous skies.

It is not whether you shall or shall not follow the fashion; it is what fashion and whose fashion shall you follow. It is whether you shall follow unintelligently or intelligently, moderately or extravagantly. Mr. Nordhoff's party came across a man at work in very scanty attire. Out of respect to his visitors, the man, after receiving them, slipped into the bush, and reappeared clad in hat and shirt, confidently believing, no doubt, that he had thus approved himself a cosmopolitan. But in rejecting Hawaiian attire he had not become wholly American, and while the first may have been somewhat startling, the second was ridiculous into the bargain. And when to this you add that the gentle and gracious Hawaiians are dying out at the rate of sixty per cent. in forty years, and partly, at least under the weight of their clothing and in the heavy shade of their close houses, it is sure-

ly time to pause and consider whether fashion, in Hawaii and elsewhere, may not have its own sufficient reasons for being.

"If life and death are the same, why do you not kill yourself?" asked a rash man of a Stoic.

Fashion is of no account; why should we follow it?

But if it is of no account we may just as well follow it as drown on it. A woman—and a man too—must be dressed. Why not, then, dress like other people? Why not dress like the people who are alive and will make remarks, rather than like the people who are dead and tell no tales? It is certainly pleasanter to be inconspicuous than conspicuous. We do not begrudge the toga to the Romans, but Cicero himself would not like to dine in it where every one else wore his dress-coat. Truth and loyalty are due to the absent; politeness should be paid to the present. A girl should stand up for her grandmother against all comers, but no interpretation of the fifth commandment makes it incumbent upon her to wear the "calash" which sheltered that good lady from the sun during her earthly pilgrimage.

There are follies and whimsies in fashion. There is opportunity for individual taste and choice. Nevertheless, the wisest thing for people in general to do is to follow the fashion that prevails. It is only in exceptional cases that they will obtain a larger result of satisfaction at a less outlay of trouble by setting up their own standard. Dress is too important to be denounced, too significant to be neglected, but too pliable to found a fight on!

MISTRESS AND MAID.

Nine out of every ten city housekeepers complain of the scarcity of good servants, and many times with reason; indeed, the servant-girl grievance is a peculiarity of the times. Bridget, flaunting hither and thither with gorgeous dress and well-greased locks, has become a picture familiar to all suffering housekeepers. But is it not possible to raise this same Bridget to higher ground than that on which her poor blundering feet now stand? A mistress is the guardian of her maids, and should consider herself so, and a better state of things would come about were she always qualified to teach them. But to do this, she must first serve an apprenticeship herself. Every mother who allows her daughter to grow up in ignorance of the ordinary domestic duties, bread-making and cookery, washing and ironing, the general management of a household, is laying the foundation for sorrow and trouble in the future life of her child, for vexation and disappointment in the heart of that child's husband, for confusion and disorder in her family, and overreaching and dishonesty in her servants. Every one who reads this can doubtless see its truth illustrated in families immediately around them. It does very little good to try and reform the middle-aged—we must begin right with children, and reforms will be unnecessary. So far as the treatment of servants is concerned, those who are really themselves humane and noble are kind and considerate toward their dependents. It is the mushroom growth in this country that puts on airs and swaggers, or they who, lacking sense and sensibility themselves, cannot conceive of these qualities in those beneath them. Kindness is a wonderfully efficient teacher. It is quite possible, however, to teach her by example alone. If the mistress be courteous to every member of her family, and they in turn to her, the maid soon feels the atmosphere of good-breeding, and unconsciously becomes amiable and respectful. But let the mistress speak sharply to her husband, or scold the children in public, or let the master constantly find fault in the presence of the servant, and she will shortly discover that courtesy is not one of the essentials of the establishment, and will, most likely, add black looks and uncivil words to the general disharmony. So with dress; if the mistress of the house comes to breakfast with rumpled wrapper and soiled collar, she must not find fault with Bridget's unkempt locks and ragged shoes. Unless a good example be set, there is no cause to complain of servants following a bad one. As a rule, they are ready to learn, though they may be dull and slow of comprehension. They would rather improve their condition than degrade it. They would rather be ladies than servants. Their ignorance makes them mistake the false for the true, the bad for the good. Therefore, great power for good and ill lies in the hands of every mistress; and in the majority of cases she may transform most unpromising maids into really capable and pleasant-mannered servants simply by the force of good example, considerate kindness and a little whole-some instruction or aid.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

COHASSET JELLY ROLL.—Berwick sponge cake, or any kind of nice sponge cake will do if baked very thin; when done turn it out bottom side up on a fine cloth which has been wrung out in cold water, then spread the jelly on while hot and roll up. Cut the edges from the cake, as it rolls better.

LEEK SOUP FOR INVALIDS.—Clean and wash a dozen of good-sized leeks, and cut them in thin slices; put them in a pan with two ounces of butter, and fry them till about half done; add about two quarts of broth, and simmer until half reduced; add salt to taste, and serve as it is. This leek soup is excellent for invalids and consumptives.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Line the bottom and sides of a plain mould with finger biscuits (sponge), which you trim for the purpose; beat to a froth one pint of double cream, sweetened to taste with powdered lump sugar; add one ounce of the finest isinglass dissolved in a tumbler of milk, and a liqueur glass of maraschino. Pour this mixture into the mould, set it on ice for a couple of hours, then turn out and serve.

To REMOVE STAINS CAUSED BY SCORCHING.—For whitening scorched linen, it is often sufficient to wet it with soapsuds and lay it in the hot sun. Another method is, where milk is plentiful, to put one pound of white soap into a gallon of milk, and boil the scorched article in it. Another plan is to squeeze out the juice of two middle sized onions, which is boiled in half a pint of vinegar, with one ounce of white soap and two ounces of fuller's earth; the mixture is applied cool to the scorched part, and when dry washed off with clean water.

STEWED OYSTERS.—Drain the liquor from two quarts of firm, plump oysters; mix with it a small teacupful of hot water, add a little salt and pepper, and set over the fire in a saucepan. When it comes to a boil, add a large cupful of rich milk (cream is better.) Let it boil up once, put in the oysters, let them boil for five minutes or less—no more. When they "ruffle," add two tablespoonfuls of butter, and the instant it is melted and well stirred in, take the saucepan from the fire. Serve with oyster or cream crackers, as soon as possible. Oysters become tough and tasteless when cooked too much, or left to stand too long after they are withdrawn from the fire. A good and safe plan is, to heat the milk in a separate vessel set in another of hot water, and after it is mingled with the liquor and oysters, stir assiduously or it may "catch," as the cooks say—*i.e.*, scorch on the sides or bottom of the saucepan.

RICH CROQUETTES.—Half a cup of rice; one pint milk; two tablespoonfuls sugar; three eggs; a little grated lemon-peel; one tablespoonful melted butter; a saltspoonful salt. Soak the rice three hours in warm water enough to cover it. Drain almost dry, and pour in the milk. Stew in a farina-kettle, or one saucepan set in another of hot water, until the rice is very tender. Add the sugar, butter and salt, and simmer ten minutes. Whisk the eggs to a froth, and add cautiously, taking the saucepan from the fire while you whip them into the mixture. Return to the range or stove, and stir while they thicken, not allowing them to boil. Remove the saucepan, and add the grated lemon-peel; then turn out upon a well-greased dish to cool. When cold and stiff, flour your hands and roll into oval or pear-shaped balls; dip in beaten egg, then in fine cracker crumbs, and fry in nice lard.

RAISIN CAKE.—Wash well one pound of sweet butter, and cream with it one pound of white sugar. In winter, when the butter is very cold, it is better, before washing it, to set it near the stove, where it will soften but not melt, and use tepid water for washing it. When the sugar and butter are well creamed, add slowly one quart of tepid new milk and four pounds of sifted flour; mix well into a teacupful of lively home-made yeast, and put in a warm place until light. This should be in four or five hours, when mix into this batter another pound each of butter and sugar, well creamed together, and, if needed, a little more flour. Have ready two pounds of raisins, seeded and cut fine, and half a pound of currants. Mix a small quantity of flour through the fruit, and stir into the batter with a very small portion of pulverized mace. Let the batter rise again, stir well with a spoon or the hands, and pour into thin well-buttered tins, putting them in a warm place until they commence to rise again; then set into a slack oven, increasing the heat gradually until hot enough, and bake about an hour and a quarter, trying them with a broom splinter before taking out.

HEAD-CHEESE.—Select a clean, fat, and perfect pig's head; have it cut through the centre of the forehead and snout, and again under the eyes, separating the snout from the forehead; also have the eyes, lids, and surrounding membranes, with the sac, removed, going close to the bone socket that the eye may not break. Then remove the ears, with the wrinkled skin surrounding them, taking out the canal of the ear, and the horny portion containing the drum, etc. After this is done the bones of the snout are easily taken out. Put the pieces to soak in plenty of lukewarm water, draining off and adding fresh water until the blood is removed. Singe off the hairs, and examine the fleshy part of the snout and lower jaw, taking off the skin, which will now come away easily with the knife; wash again and salt. Mix thoroughly together one quart of salt and a tablespoonful of finely pulverized saltpetre, rubbing the pieces of meat well with it, and, if wished, a little sugar or molasses. Pack the pieces closely in a crock; let them remain for two weeks, turning occasionally that the top pieces may go into the brine that has been formed at the bottom. Wash all the brine off at the end of that time, and boil gently until tender, and the meat strips off the bone without using a knife. After taking out all bones, cut fine with knife and fork, season with black pepper and a very small portion of mace (pulverized sage is an improvement, if used sparingly); put into a dish with straight sides, packing close, and pressing with a heavy weight. Cut in thin slices, and eat with mustard and vinegar.

As the fashion of the moment is one of puffings, frills, and flounces, in the lightest and most crushy of tissues, the Parisian trunk-makers have just invented a style of trunk whose dimensions allow of dresses being hung at full length from its roof. Each of these cases will contain three complete costumes, with their appropriate paraphernalia; but three such cases, though weighing next to nothing, suffice to fill a railway van.

It is always remarkable how fashions in France take their tone from political events. Just at present the ladies interested in the restoration of a monarchy are treading in the footsteps of those who have gone before, and are doing all in their power to introduce what are called "pelerinage" costumes, which are ornamented with large fleurs de lys of gimp studded with jet. For some months past upper skirts and polonaises have been looped up with cords; now several leaders of ton add either a fleur de lys or a cross to these cords; the additional ornaments being of gimp, studded with jet. The Chanoinesse is another costume popular with the same party. It is made plain except in front, where it is ornamented with gimp crosses, worked with either jet, steel, gold, or silver.

A NUMBER of women, whose names are more or less widely known, have assembled at the Union League Club in what they have chosen to call a Woman's Congress. The object of the meeting is to consider together, in a deliberative way, some of the topics that are of special interest to American women at the present time. The meetings are open only to women, and it is understood that Mrs. Livermore will preside, and that papers will be read by Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Augusta Cooper Bristol, Mrs. Caroline Severance, and other well-known ladies. The topics named for discussion are social rather than political: such as the relation of woman to home, her present legal status, the division of property, the coeducation of the sexes, and the elevation of the more dependent and unfortunate members of the sex. Of course, this Congress will be the target for all the small wits, and its proceedings will, doubtless, be treated with ridicule. But the women engaged in it are too earnest and serious in their purposes to be diverted by such utterly innocuous opposition. The only way they can make themselves vulnerable to ridicule is by making themselves and their meetings ridiculous.

PROGRESS OF WOMEN.—Germany believes in the progress of women, and wherever females can be employed to advantage, they are taken in preference to young men. At Munich the clerks and book-keepers in the banks are nearly all young and handsome girls. At the depots, many of those who attend the windows for the sale of tickets are girls, and the cashiers in the cafés and restaurants are of the same sex. They are generally very expert at figures, and in mental arithmetic have no superiors. In view of the fact that so many females are employed in the rougher and hardest descriptions of laboring work, it speaks well for the sex that they are seeking and securing more desirable and lucrative employment. It may possibly arise from the fact that young men are generally of the "fast" order, and are not to be relied upon in positions of trust. We are under the impression in America that our young men are not as steady and staid as they ought to be, but they are miracles of steadiness compared to the average young men in Germany. The students of Heidelberg can give them a start of half a day and beat them before bedtime. They don't drink strong liquor! coffee, beer or wine being the extent of their libations; but they devote the best part of the day to the café or the beer saloon, reading the papers, playing billiards, chatting or studying the plates in the numerous satirical illustrated papers. How the many thousands of young men in Vienna obtain a living and good clothing, who are always to be found in the coffee-house, is a mystery "that no fellow can find out."

SOME newspaper writer revives the lamentable truism that literary women are seldom beautiful. Their features, and particularly their foreheads, are more or less masculine. But there are exceptions to all rules, and Miss Landon was an exception to this one. She was exceedingly feminine and pretty. Mrs. Stanton, likewise, is a pretty woman, but Miss Anthony and Mrs. Livermore are both plain. Maria and Jane Porter were women of high brows and irregular features, as was also Miss Sedgwick. Anna Dickinson has a strong masculine face; Kate Field has a good-looking, though by no means pretty, one; and Mrs. Stowe is thought to be positively homely. Alice and Pheobe Cary were both plain in features, though their sweetness of disposition added greatly to their personal appearance. Margaret Fuller had a splendid head, but her features were irregular, and she was anything but handsome, though sometimes in the glow of conversation she appeared almost radiant. Charlotte Bronte had wonderfully beautiful dark-brown eyes and a perfectly-shaped head. She was small to diminutiveness, and was as simple in her manner as a child. Julia Ward Howe is a fine-looking woman, wearing an aspect of grace and refinement and great force of character in her face and carriage. Laura Holloway resembles Charlotte Bronte both in personal appearance and the sad experience of her young life. Neither Mary Booth nor Marion Harlan can lay claim to handsome faces, though they are splendid specimens of cultured women, while Mary Clemmer Ames is just as pleasing in features as her writings are graceful and popular.

CURIOSITIES OF BEES.

Wonderful stories concerning the production of bees were current in ancient times. Some thought that bees gathered their young off the leaves of trees, or from the flowers of the honeywort, the reed, or the olive. Pliny speaks of them as sitting on their eggs like hens. It was a very general opinion that bees were produced from the putrid bodies of cattle. Virgil gives a recipe for the purpose with the greatest gravity. All will remember the story of Samson and the honey that he took from the slain lion in the vineyards of Timnath. Naturally Shakespeare remembered this fact:

"Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carion."—Henry IV.

The truth of such stories is that occasionally the bee lays its eggs in such carcasses, trusting that the warmth engendered by decomposition will hatch them. There were enthusiastic bee-keepers in old times, as at present. Aristomachus did nothing else but attend to bees for fifty-eight years. Another amateur was sur-named "the Wild," from dwelling in the desert in order to superintend his favorites. The habits of bees are indeed wonderful, even if we refuse to credit the ancient legends of their taking up stones to ballast themselves in their flight during high winds, or lying on their backs when belated to protect their wings from the dew. We have ourselves seen a pair of bees employed at the entrance to the hive in creating a vigorous draught by perpetually moving their wings, in order to ventilate the hive. Few people are aware how heated the atmosphere of a hive becomes in hot weather.

Besides honey, wax is a regular constituent of a bee-hive. This is a secretion from the bodies of the bees, though it is hard to explode the ancient and modern fables concerning it by one stroke of the pen. A substance termed "propolis" is also found in hives. It is a kind of resin used by the little artisans to fasten up any chinks in their combs or hives. Bee-bread (the pollen of flowers) is also carried in, to serve as food for the maggots when the eggs are hatched. Comb, according to an old tradition, has been seen in Germany eight feet long. Other articles of popular belief respecting bees in ancient days were that, morning and evening, like a camp in time of war, sentinels were fixed over the commonwealth, who hummed in a peculiar manner at change of guard, like a trumpet-sound, as Pliny observes. The same veracious authority states that only clean persons, physically and morally, could take the honey from a hive; a thief is specially hated by bees. A swarm of bees, it was said, had settled upon the mouth of the infant Plato, as an omen of the entrancing sweetness of his language and philosophic speculations; much in the same way, we suppose, as Byron said that a nightingale must have sung on the head of the bed when Moore was born. Bees were by the ancients supposed to detest strong scents. The smell of a crab, if it were cooked near a hive, would half kill the inmates. If winter killed your bees, ancient Latin folk-lore directed you to expose them in spring to the sunshine, and to put hot ashes of the fig-tree near them, when they would come to life again. If a bee stung a person, it was thought that it lost its sting in the wound, and either perished at once or became a drone. Multitudinous were their enemies supposed to be. Swallows, bee-eaters, wasps, hornets, gnats, either seized bees on the wing or stole into the hives and made free with the honey; frogs and toads laid wait for them at the water's edge as they came to drink; even sheep were thought baleful, as the bees entangled themselves hopelessly in their wool. The popular voice at the present day adds to this black list of their foes sparrows, tomits, and hens. It is certain that mice are among their worst enemies. Happy is the bee-keeper who has not fancied his hives unusually still some winter, and on opening one discovered that a colony of mice had taken up its abode among the combs, laying waste the honey. Snails, too, frequently enter and plunder the honey: as the bees have a great repugnance to touching such cold slimy creatures, they are allowed to come and go at will. The death-head moth is also said to enter, deceiving the bees by imitating the buzzing of their queen, and so getting at the stores unmolested. Many are the stories told of the bees immuring such robbers in cells of wax, and so destroying them. The truth, however, seems to be that when the door is once forced bees yield the rest of their fortress up to the invader in sheer despair.

Great as is the difference between the facts which modern science and more exact observation have established with reference to bees, and the vague popular ideas on their economy which, as we have striven to show, were entertained respecting them by antiquity, not the least curious circumstance is that ancient and modern bee-keepers alike meet on the common ground of bee superstitions and folk-lore. Some of the old beliefs respecting bees have already been given. Their hatred to an echo, which was an ancient article of the bee-master's faith, does not seem to be confirmed on investigation. Much modern folk-lore on bees may be picked up by any one who converses with the peasantry in almost any part of England. From some reason or other, bees are looked upon as peculiarly "uncanny" creatures. Thus we were told in Lincolnshire that bees would desert a hive on the occasion of a death in the family, unless some one knocked at their hive and told them of it. The same superstition we find to prevail in Essex, and even Cornwall. Similarly the belief that after a death hives ought to be wrapped

ped in crape or mourning of some kind is current in Lincolnshire and East Anglia generally. It is even found in Lithuania, and is probably connected with an ancient idea that honey was a symbol of death. In Yorkshire there is a custom of inviting bees to the funeral. If a wild or humble bee enter a Northamptonshire cottage, it is deemed a certain sign of death: if a swarm of bees alight on a dead tree, or the dead branch of a living one, there will be a death in the family within the year. It is curious why the bee should, in Europe, be so connected with death, whereas in Hindoo mythology the bow-string of Kama (the Hindoo Cupid) is formed of bees, perhaps as a symbol of love strong as death. It is worth while mentioning one or two more bee superstitions. They will never thrive, it is said, in a quarrelsome family, nor when they have been stolen. There can be no greater piece of ill luck than to purchase a swarm; it must always be given, and then the custom is to return something for it in kind—a small pig, say, or some other equivalent. Money should be avoided in the transaction as much as possible. In Hampshire it is a common saying that bees are idle or unfortunate in their work whenever there are wars. At the risk of being esteemed credulous, we may remark that the martial year (1870) was an unlucky honey year. East winds and drought seemed in that year to have repressed the secretion of honey in the nectaries of many flowers.

A FOG ON THE THAMES.

It is a June, not a November fog. The subtropical plants in Batterson Park seem quite at home in the sultry haze; but the lilacs and the laburnums and the hawthorns and the chestnuts, white and red, and the ribbon flower-borders look strangely dim, while again the rich, moist grass, seen close at hand, shines as if giving off its own light. A stray park-keeper with gilt band and buttons, one or two solitaires dreaming on the clammy garden-seats, a stray gardener who looks up from his work and silently gazes at a passer-by with cowlike eyes, a lounging waiter yawning in the midst of a jumble of empty benches and tables, and two or three little children dodging in and out between them like mice, are the only people one meets in the whole of the damp, gauze-muffled park. Leaden and smooth and indistinct with blurred-green reflections, spreads the ornamental water, like a lagoon in which yellow fever and a Cuban slaver might be hiding. A water-fowl rises with a scurry of wings to alight unseen with a dullly audible splash. Two black swans glide about noiselessly, or talking to each other in the voice which is said to be excellent in woman, twisting their long necks to crop the blades of the flowering flags, or lifting their red beaks to the leaves of the overhanging trees.

The lazy ripple of the river on the pebbly strand at the foot of the water-side of the park—so trim in its core, so rough at its edges—suggests a trip upon the water. Let us take boat at the pier hard by.

Old Chelsea Church and the old trees and houses of Cheyne Walk have a Fata Morgana look. Two white wager-boats, pulled by white-clad spectres, dart out of the mist ahead, and dart into the mist astern—emblems reversed of life. A train thunders over the railway-bridge, adding a coil of sluggishly curling snowy vapor to the mouse-colored mist. A black lighter—one long sweep sprawling like a broken fin, the other tugged at, doggedly though seemingly lazily, by the lightermen, whose sulky features are indistinguishable—flounders past like a wounded whale. Tiers of black lighters, as gloomy as if they were meant for Titans' floating hearse, loom alongside the shore's blurred higgledy-piggledy of piles and wharfs and cranes, and "travellers" on gaunt timber skeletons, and coal, and brick and stone, and chimney-pots and drain-pipes. At Nine Elms there is a maze of curving and crossing rails that look like half-obliterated fork-scratches on a greasy plate, with stumbling horses straining at lead-colored and mud-colored trucks, and men—clad presumably in green corduroy, but looking exactly like chimney-sweeps—shouting huskily to the horses and one another under the supervision of mist-magnified overseers, also leaden-hued. The extinguisher turrets of Millbank Penitentiary perk up, blurred, above the blurred jumble of its dirty-drab brick: the mist gives the place a Bastile look of mystery. The Lambeth Embankment glimpses through the murky air like a long line of pale ghosts drawn up along the banks of Styx; it is just possible to make out that builders are somewhere at work in the dark jumble of towered masonry formed by Lambeth Palace and Church. As we zigzag from side to side, the mist-bordered reaches of the river look like wide lakes. We run in so close to the Houses of Parliament that, in spite of the mist, we can see the scaled-off look of the stones of that magnificent modern-antique ready-made: to one who has crossed the line, the noses of some of the sculptured figures suggest a memory of the time when the skin peeled off his nose in curly shavings, though from a very different cause. Red and white St. Thomas' Hospital on the other side might serve for a dyspeptically despondent butcher's dream of vanishing raw beef.

When, under graceful Westminster Bridge, the funnel comes down, like a hemlock-stalk half cut in two by stick of idle wanderer, practising sword-exercise—most ungenerously making use of its monopolised privilege to smoke abait itself, by clogging our nostrils and defiling our shirt-fronts with unconsumed carbon—the

fog is thickening so that we begin to doubt whether our boat will get beyond Hungerford.

The sudden sunbeam gleams but for a few moments, but it has turned the Embankment granite and Somerset House and Waterloo Bridge into shimmering snow, the Embankment Gardens into glistening emerald; it has lit up church vanes and windows in dusty brick houses, glorified straw-laden barges, even grimy coal-barges—and then it vanishes as suddenly as it came.

The sunlight again makes a startling appearance. A ship that has really been to Australia—long, low, clipper-bowed, lofty-masted, but with old-fashioned black on white along her sides—is slowly coming up the river with peaked yards, and men, longing for a run on shore, chanting—

"And when we arrive at the London Docks,
Where the pretty (?) little girls come down in
flocks," etc.,

in tow of one tug, with another on her starboard bow, helping the anxious pilot and the mate, who has taken the wheel, to round the windings of the reaches.

And then there is full daylight once more—a jumble of unpicturesque brick and mortar and smoke, and a sparkling river, bearing a host of anchored craft—amongst them a flotilla of yachts, schooners, cutters, yawls—two of them dressed in flags from truck to taff-rail; and a magnificent two funnelled British-built, foreign-owned steamer, to which a boat's crew of dusky-faced, red-fezzed, grinning foreign sailors are pulling with oars that keep stroke like a dropped sheaf of spillikins.

BEREHAVEN.

The tourist who reaches Killarney by train from the Mallow junction generally returns through Cork, having visited on his way besides Killarney, Kenmare, Glengariff, and Inchigela. To these must be added Berehaven, which can be easily reached, and well repays the trouble of getting there. It lies about fifteen miles to the west of Glengariff, the way lying through some splendid mountain scenery, and always within sight of the sea. A post-car runs from Glengariff to Berehaven daily.

At Berehaven there is a good hotel close to the sea, being only separated from it by a pretty lawn. At the end of the lawn there is a boat slip.

The little bay in front of the hotel is very picturesque, especially as you approach Castletown from the east. It is a bay within a bay, affording shelter for yachts and coasting-boats. The anchorage for great ships lies between this little bay and an island two miles to the south. This island rises like a mountain out of the sea, and is fully four miles long. The Channel Fleet often puts in here. The moorage is considered the finest in the world, being at the same time both capacious and safe. Cork harbor is completely exposed on one side. Beerhaven harbor is protected from every wind that blows. The aspect of the country is that of a huge amphitheatre, whose arena is the sea, whose sides are lofty and magnificent mountains. South and south-west winds are repelled by Bere Island. On the west Desart Hill, curving round southwards so as almost to meet the western extremity of Bere, excludes danger from that quarter. Thence, as the eye travels round towards the north and east, lofty mountains succeed each other without a break in their sublime chain—the long high ridge of Knockoura terminating in the steep black hill of Miskish, the brown sloping sides of Mauline, the broad and massive Hungary king of them all. Due east there rises no near mountain barrier for the moorage, but the wind from that quarter blows from the shore and its violence is broken by the distant hills that run eastward from Glengariff. It was in this moorage that the French fleet cast anchor at the close of the last century. Their anchors are still at the bottom, according to local tradition. They could not draw them up, and so were obliged to cut the cables.

At the western extremity of Bere island is a succession of coves or great arches of rock, called Bonaparte's Bridge.

I do not know a more delicious fish for breakfast than killocks, which swarm in Bantry Bay. They must be sprinkled with a little salt at night, and fried brown in flour next morning. Otherwise they are insipid, but done in this way they are better than trout.

Out of what we caught we used to keep enough for breakfast, and give the rest to the boys who rowed us. In October killocks cease to take altogether, and after that are not caught till the ensuing summer, when they reappear, very little larger than they were in October. They are now called crohagues, and are about the size of the white trout. They still go in "schools," but are much more adventurous than when they were only killocks. They now leave the "goleens" and shallow inlets and creeks of the sea, and haunt deep and rocky places.

At the commencement we used to make casting lines of gut for our flies, but finding that these generally gave way before the weight of the crohagues, and also finding that these fish are not very fastidious about the implements of their destruction, we tied the dropper of each fly to the line itself, and found it sufficient. I was once bringing in two crohagues when the gut snapped as they were quite close to the gunwale. I watched the poor fellows going down together, each pulling different ways, till

they were out of sight. Crohagues are not so good for eating as killocks.

In the next year this fish reaches his last stage. He is now the familiar pollock, and gets no new name after that. The fact that this is an English name, while crohogue and killock are Milesian, shows that for the latter there was little demand in the fish-market.

In daytime we used to fish for gurnet and mackerel.

I do not think there is a more beautiful fish as he comes out of the water than the mackerel. His colors are then so vivid. I have often heard that he is the swiftest fish that swims, and I can well believe it; his flesh is so strong and his bounds as he comes into the boat so vigorous. At the same time his fins are comparatively small.

The Berehaveners are a handsome race, courageous and athletic. There was some communication between that country and Spain in the days when the O'Sullivans took up arms against Queen Elizabeth. Many Spaniards are said to have settled there at that time. One often sees faces that make the tradition probable.

Without meaning any disrespect to Killarney and sylvan scenery generally, I am much surprised that Berehaven is so little frequented by the tourist, notwithstanding its sublime mountains and the incomparable advantage of the sea. Even in the way of sylvan scenery, Berehaven is not without its charms. Water-fall river, going in its short career through nollies, hazels, and mountain-ashes, over large stones and rocks clad with moss, is as picturesque a stream as I ever walked beside, and one as deserving of a merry picnic.

There is one splendid residence in the neighborhood—Dunboy Castle. Probably there is not in the world a finer view than that commanded by this house.

A WONDERFUL AND MYSTERIOUS WORK OF ART.

There is now exhibiting in Paris one of the most startling works of genius and art that we have ever witnessed. It is a diorama of the siege of Paris, and all Paris is running wild to view it. There is some species of optical illusion in connection with it that no one seems able to understand. Although a painting, it so closely resembles nature that on suddenly entering the hall the spectator is bewildered, and invariably complains of dizziness as his eyes scan the intervening scenes and the distant horizon presented to view.

The building in which the diorama is exhibited is circular, and about three hundred feet in diameter, with a glass dome. On entering it the visitor passes along a rather dark passage to what seems the centre of the building, and then proceeds up a circular series of stone steps, about forty in number, and finds himself on a circular platform on the top of a veritable hill of earth, strewn with cannon ball and shell, the object of the artist being to place him in the Fort of Issy, surrounded on every side by the incidents of the siege, with the city of Paris and its monuments, domes and steeples in the distance.

By close examination it could be discovered that the nearer earthworks of the picture, and even some of the cannon, for a distance of fifty or sixty feet from the edge of the platform, is veritable earth, and undoubtedly cannon, and real willow gabions and sand-bags, but the exact spot where the substantials ended and the canvas began was not so easily detected. The reader must take our word for it, that as we stood on the platform, representing an elevated position on one of the bastions of Fort Issy, that it appeared to the mortal vision of all of us just as if we were there in reality in the midst of the siege. We could scarcely believe that we were inside of a building, as nature was so closely imitated that it seemed as if the vision embraced every tree and hillock up to Fortress Mont Valerien, eight or ten miles distant.

The horizon was perfect all around the circle, and there was nothing visible to indicate that we were not out in the open air, except a circular canvas, suspended as if from the clouds, high up over our heads, and nothing visible anywhere to indicate that we were in reality inside of a building viewing a painting. The whole seems to be a piece of legerdemain in art that has never been attempted before. When we came out of the building we involuntarily turned around and measured its size with our eyes, in a vain attempt to unravel its mystery.

A BANGOR (ME) prohibitionist was recently discussing the liquor law, and strongly urged its enforcement. To emphasize his remarks, he gesticulated with his umbrella; whereupon a black bottle fell to the pavement with a crash and the odor of "Old Bourbon" was diffused around. That closed the argument.

A CHARACTERISTIC story is told of the most incorrigible of the English burlesque writers. When a favourite domestic drama was recently brought out at Liverpool, a terrible wait occurred on the night of its production, after the second act. The orchestra had exhausted its repertory, and still the curtain remained down. Presently a harsh, grating sound was painfully audible from behind—the sound of a saw struggling through wood. "What is that noise?" impatiently asked a gentleman of the author. "Well, I can't say," answered Mr. Byron, mournfully, "but I suppose they're cutting out the third act."

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

The mountain that the morn doth kiss,
Glad greets its shining neighbor:
Lord! heed the homage of my bliss,—
The incense of my labor!

Sharp smites the sun like burning rain,
And field and flower languish:
Hear, Lord! the prayer of my pain,—
The pleading of my anguish!

Now the long shadows eastward creep,
The golden sun is setting:
Take, Lord! the worship of my sleep,—
The praise of my forgetting!

SWIFT AS A FLASH.

BY MRS. C. READE.

CHAPTER VI.

"COMES OUT OF DARKNESS, MORN."

It is the morning of mornings, the picnic morning. Every one is on the alert. Chestnut-villa and Berrylands are alike the scene of dire commotion. Things will get lost, will insidiously get into people's pockets, into wrong hamper, out of window, up the chimney, into the fire. Corkscrews are a source of never-ending trouble; string has banished itself far beyond the reach of man; newspaper might be cloth of gold for the fuss that is made about it; soda-water bottles persist in rolling off every mortal thing that can be rolled off; and as for pepper, well, the enormities committed by pepper, by pepper alone, can they be described? Wherefore, steady pen!

At last, however, even the most turbulent spirits in the fray are quelled, and peace is proclaimed; proclaimed by Rae, standing on the top of the biggest hamper, in the most ecstatic periods producible by the British tongue.

Rae has made up his mind to be jolly for the next eight hours, let him be the most miserable of mankind for the remainder of his existence. It is a dubious thundery-skied sort of day in more ways than one; but Rae has made up his mind to be jolly, and jolly he is.

As for Grace, she is activity itself. Here, here, and everywhere; now helping Louie; now flying over to Chestnut-villa message-burdened to the tip of her tongue; now reducing Miss Isobel's minor miseries to a state of quiescence; now encouraging Mrs. Thorndyke to something like energy and determination, that lady being utterly incapable to battle against the combined antagonism of her dress, her servants, and her wool-gathering wits; but never by any chance saying a word to one person which she can possibly help saying, or giving him a look which she can possibly help giving, or indeed in any way encouraging him to make a greater donkey of himself than he already has done, in her humble opinion.

The general rendezvous is the station; so to the station they set off at last in excellent time; for, as Grace says rather unamazingly, "Of course every one who can be late will be late, just on purpose to drive every one else frantic."

"We are, if anything, rather too early," remarks Isobel placidly, looking at her mite of a watch.

"But then you arn't everybody," smiles Grace with sublime composure; and Miss Thorndyke reverts to her old conviction that "raw schoolgirls" are decidedly out of place in decent society.

Arrived at the station, they find, however, that the Vicarage trio are already patrolling the platform; a circumstance which affords our Isobel much joy. She has made the acquaintance of the gentleman of the party, and considers him "quite bearable," and not unlikely to prove useful during the day as a scourge unto the recreant Rae, whose shortcomings have of late excited her lively indignation. There is a great deal of handshaking and weather talk, of course, directly the two parties meet. Some one says it is "really nicer than if it was sunny;" whereupon every one tries to look as if they thought so too, except Grace, who remarks dryly that, "nice or not, it must be made the best of now."

"Exactly," says Captain Tewell. "I quite agree with you. Haven't you observed how assiduously I am bent on making the best of it?" not without a certain bitterness.

Here the Boscawens make their appearance; they are a couple of good-looking people, with pleasant manners, and a fair allowance of "go." Rae comes to the conclusion that it is a happy thing they have been asked, after a few minutes' talk with madam, who appears not at all insensible to the fact that he is *très convenable*, *très convenable* indeed.

A little more of indefinite loitering about, and the porter rings the bell deafeningly. The train is within sight at last. Thank goodness! Grace is so weary of this dull do-nothingness which has fallen upon her, so weary of knowing that a pair of eyes are looking at her which she dares not meet, so weary of this holiday of hers, ere it has well begun. Poor Grace!

Groan, screech, pant, goes the engine.

"First-class for'ard; third-class behind. This way, 'm; plenty o' room 'ere. Virginia Water; all right, sir. Thank you!" Bang, scuffle, bang, down go the windows. Two carriages full of friends and parcels and shawls and umbrellas. But who is with whom, I wonder, and where is Grace?

Grace is comfortably ensconced in a corner with Mrs. Boscawen opposite to her, and Mr.

Boscawen by her side; whilst Isobel and the vicarial scion are seated vis-à-vis by the opposite window.

Rae Tewell is playing escort to Louie, Mrs. Thorndyke, and the other young ladies. Grace wishes he would keep out of her way in this convenient fashion all day long.

There is plenty of chatter and laughter as they rush on between the broom-gilded banks. It does really seem so very enjoyable a proceeding to be about to swallow an extra amount of extra indigestible food under circumstances of extraordinary discomfort, garnished with rhododendrons and water-beetles.

Isobel and her Oxonian captive improve the shining hours with laudable earnestness. He is a good boy, and knows when he is well off. She is the prettiest girl to be seen to-day, he thinks, after a cautious survey of Grace, and she has evidently taken a fancy to him: what more can a young man of twenty-one desire? Whether Miss Thorndyke is quite so well at ease must remain an open question; I have my doubts.

When they reach the station the question arises how best to get all the portables conveyed to the hotel, in the grounds of which they are to have luncheon; at length they are packed off in a cab with Mrs. Thorndyke, and everyone else prepares to trudge after them, Rae cunningly contriving to get himself attached to Grace and Mrs. Boscawen, which latter lady kindly allows him to carry all her light luggage by way of reward for his discernment.

"Isn't it perfectly charming?" exclaims she, throwing a very heavy plaid shawl over his disengaged arm; "I revel in ruralising when one can do it comfortable, you know."

Grace looks at Rae, and the corners of her mouth twitch dangerously. His bewildered and rueful countenance strikes her as so supremely ridiculous.

It is the first time she has smiled at him of her own free will to-day. He plucks up his spirits, and feels equal to an additional camp stool or even a second waterproof.

Nobody, of course, has ever been to Virginia Water before; they have been to Rome, Constantinople, the North Pole, but they have never been to Virginia Water! Happy they.

"It is indeed very lovely!" exclaims Grace, when at last the manifold beauties of this most favored spot lie before her seeing eyes. "I never dreamt it would be half so exquisite," looking far away into the purplish distance.

"I don't believe I ever dreamt about it at all," says Isobel prosaically. "What's that queer little place sticking up there among the woods, Captain Tewell?"

Rae tries to see what she is pointing at, but fails.

"Do let us make a tour of discovery. One feels as if one really ought to discover something to-day," pathetically.

He smilingly agrees with her *ex parte*.

Grace walks away. She spies some jockey-grass trembling midst the green.

"Won't you explore?" asks Isobel, glancing up at him seductively from beneath her heavily-fringed parasol.

"Too lazy."

"How dreadful of you! I hope every one isn't going to be so tiresome," somewhat pettishly; the color deepening on either cheek.

"Here I am at your service, Miss Thorndyke. What can I do for you?" exclaims the Vicar's son, dawdling up, his hands in his pockets, his straw hat at the back of his head.

"Take me to see the ruins."

"Most charmed. We shall just have time to do them before the grand event of the day comes off."

But Isobel's eyes follow Rae,—he is slowly strolling up to where Grace is seated plaiting ox-eyed daisies into a wreath,—follow him regretfully; then she walks away with her cavalier, laughing her pretty silvery laugh as she goes, as freely as though she were the very happiest woman under the sun.

"Awfully hot," says Captain Tewell, lowering himself gradually on to the grass beside Grace.

"Yes;" pinching off a long green stalk.

"Don't see the use of walking oneself off one's legs, do you?"

"No."

"Much jollier sitting down and taking things quietly."

"Yes;" pulling up a neighboring daisy by the roots.

"I think I've got a knife somewhere; let me cut that off for you. You'll make your hands in a mess;" fumbling in his waistcoat pocket.

"Don't trouble, thanks, it's done;" with a vigorous wrench.

"But it's not. Don't be so obstinate; give it to me."

She flings it away. "It's a stupid thing," she says, "I can do without it;" and her white fingers set to work again deftly.

Captain Tewell repockets his knife; as he does so, a queer hard look comes into his eyes, and the lines about his mouth deepen.

Silence for a while. Grace finishes her plait, and lays it across her knees.

"What are you going to do with it now?" asks he, watching her as she resettles this flower and corrects that errant leaf.

"Throw it away most likely."

"But isn't that rather hard on the poor daisies?"

"They have served their turn," smiles this cynic of nineteen.

"Good heavens, what a state of things to have come to!" almost scornfully.

"What, for the poor daisies or me?" and a mocking little laugh.

He is silent. She tries to get up; the grass is slippery, and she is fain to sit down again.

"Why don't you help me?" asks she, with comical savagery.

"Because I don't want you to go away;" lazily turning round on his elbow, and smiling at her rarely. "You are in a naughty temper this morning, and a little wholesome opposition will do you good."

"Thank you. I don't want to be done good to," sulkily.

"Naughty children never do."

Grace begins to doubt whether she has ever really been in a passion before. A second effort to resume her liberty—a fruitless effort like the first; her heels slide away from her, and down she sits again.

"Fate is too strong for you," laughs he. She folds her arms grimly.

"Poor little thing!"

"Don't speak to me, please;" knitting her brows with ferocity.

Rae laughs.

"What is there to laugh at? How dare you laugh at me, Captain Tewell!"

"Don't be a vixen; it doesn't suit you."

"Sitting here doesn't suit me," emphatically.

Then, with dignity, seeing Mr. Boscawen performing strange and ingenious antics in the distance, evidently indicative of something to eat and no one to eat it, "Luncheon is ready, I believe."

"O, in that case you may be permitted to get up;" getting up himself, and offering her his hand.

She gives him her finger-tips, but necessity compels a closer clasp; so close, indeed, that there seems to be some difficulty about getting it undone again.

"Don't be in a hurry; nobody will miss us."

No answer.

"What an awfully unlucky fellow I am!" taking off his hat, and brushing back his crisp hair.

Still no answer.

"You're desperately angry, arn't you," miserably.

She turns away her face; she is in no mind to submit to cross-questioning just now. Moody silence till they reach the gate leading into the hotel garden; then forced smiles, gay rillery, bright looks. They are the gayest of the gay, these two unamiable young people. Ah, me! that sweetness should be but bitter sweet at best!

Seven o'clock; a strange hushed seven o'clock, a darkened meaningful seven o'clock, with a wild lurid sky, wherein float here and there great banks of blue-black clouds, fringed round with steamy white or palest gold, great warping clouds drawn up in fierce array.

It is quite time to be thinking about making a start for the station. Every one has had enough rusticity for once; every one is rather inclined to growl and wax monosyllabic; every one is returning to the hotel by various paths and at various paces.

Louie, Mrs. Thorndyke, and the Vicarage young ladies have been rambling about together now as they skirt the piece of ornamental water.

"Didn't you feel a drop of rain?" says Mrs. Thorndyke suddenly, to no one in particular, gazing about her vacuously.

Splash comes a great drop on Louie's upturned face, into one of her eyes, in fact.

"O dear!" wiping the injured organ with her handkerchief. "Do let us run, there's quite a storm coming on; we shall be drowned;" starting off at a brisk trot.

The girls take to their heels in a second; they are wearing their second-best costumes, and costumes are not matters of every-day occurrence at the Wynbridge Vicarage.

Mrs. Thorndyke cannot imitate their example, however; she is, be it known, proud of her feet,—the late Colonel was proud of her feet,—and to-day she is shod with cruel accuracy. Her boots have interfered with her happiness in divers ways already; now they threaten to risk her life and spoil her dress. Mrs. Thorndyke is not sorry to remember that they are not paid for.

Louie, who is the most good-natured soul in existence, perceiving that to leave this foolish old woman to hobble along in the pelting rain alone—it is pelting now—would be unkind, to say the least of it, bears her company with sublime patience.

"Good gracious, did you see that?" and a sudden flash of bluish light. Crack, crack, growl; the storm has fairly burst on their devoted heads. "Dear, O dear, we shall never get back to the hotel alive!"

"O yes, we shall; won't you have my arm?"

"No, thank you. Is my dress up behind? How very alarming, and Isobel perhaps still among the woods!"

"And Grace too, silly girl. I told her she had better come with us, but she would go off with that horrid sketch-book of hers;" turning round to see if there are any signs of the vagrants.

"O, depend upon it, she has found an escort," viciously. Mrs. Thorndyke is a somewhat acid person under the most advantageous circumstances; now terror, pain, and discomfort render her little short of dangerous.

"My poor Isobel is far more likely to be straying about by herself, poor dear," continues she touchingly. "To-day has not been a very great treat to her, I fear;" and Mrs. Thorndyke halts, and scrapes vigorously at the heel of one foot with the toe of the other, like a fly.

"Please make as much haste as you can." A sullen roar right over their heads strengthens the petition.

On they plod through the pouring rain, smitten asunder, as it were, every other minute by the electric flame.

"I do wish I knew what has become of Grace!" exclaims Louie at length, pushing aside an obstructing bough. "Captain Tewell wanted to go with her, but she wouldn't let him."

"A little drawing back is said to be most attractive, you know, under certain circumstances," snauvely.

"How do you mean? Grace is the most unsophisticated creature on the face of the earth; besides, I am sure Rae requires no whipping up," with a vexed little laugh. "It is so wet and dark and dismal."

"No? I beg your pardon, I didn't quite catch what you said," with great politeness.

"O, it doesn't matter; what is to be will be, and there's an end of it."

"You are a fatalist."

"I am half drowned;" swinging back the little gate leading to the hotel. "There is Miss Thorndyke!"

"And Captain Tewell!" exultantly, catching sight of a gray weed back in the verandah.

"No, not Captain Tewell; that boy from the Vicarage!" rather spitefully.

Mrs. Thorndyke tiptoes across the lawn.

"Where is Mrs. Boscawen?" calls Louie to the party already assembled, amongst whom appears that lady's lawful proprietor.

"Gone to see the temple, with Captain Tewell."

"Coming in at the gate," answer two voices simultaneously.

"Good heavens! Then Grace is out in this awful storm alone. Louie turns herself about just as Rae appears with Mrs. Boscawen, dripping and dreary.

"Have you seen Grace? O, do please go and look for her!" exclaims Louie imploringly, tears in her voice.

to the station, then to Wynbridge, then to Berrylands, then to bed, she does not exactly know. People talk at her talk to her, talk about her. She sees no one but Rae, hears no one but Rae, minds no one but Rae. She has suddenly become a heroine. No matter; she will be Rae's wife some day; that is glory sufficient for her.

"Ah," says Louie delightedly, as she sips Mrs. Thorndyke's Indian tea on the following afternoon, having looked in at Chestnut-villa to report the progress of mademoiselle *la fiancée's* sprained ankle, over which Captain Tewell is at present maintaining a rigorous guard, "I told you how it would be, didn't I? Never mind; I daresay Isobel won't break her heart about him after all."

"Break her heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Thorndyke, laughing beautifully. "Girls, as a rule, do not break their hearts about their adopted brothers, my dear Mrs. Danger."

Mrs. Danger feels grateful for this valuable piece of information.

A September day; such a September day!

"Whereon it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be."

There has been a wedding at Wynbridge Church this morning; not a grand wedding by any means; no prancings or curvettings, no hired broughams, no gorgeous guests, or other pomps and vanities; merely a wedding, the simple wedding to each other of two souls, two lives. And yet folks declare this bride and bridegroom to be in somewhat enviable, they are happy, they are handsome, they are prosperous, they are honestly and manifestly in love with each other.

Married from Berrylands, say you. Come along, let's have a look at them as they drive off to the station, to sunny Belgium, to the outside world; Micky sitting upon the box as grave as a judge.

Here they are! What a dust! Good-luck, Grace! Good-luck, Rae!

A smile, a nod, maybe a hand-kiss, and they are gone!

"One touch of fire—and all the rest is mystery!"
THE END.

ANOTHER DOG STORY.

It does not make any difference whether your name is Keyser or not, if you want to buy a dog, there is one for sale cheap on a canal boat now braving the billows somewhere east of Frankfort. The captain of the boat is an Oswego man, and it is but one short week since he spliced his mainbrace and let out the reefs in his driver, and got three sheets in the wind, and made all necessary preparations for a prosperous voyage. His wife sang, "Write me a Letter, Love," in the cabin; his children played on deck; his steeds aired their frames on the tow-path, his hand was on the rudder, and his mate was just recovering from a farewell attack of delirium tremens in the forward cabin. The captain gazed proudly around him, and could think of nothing necessary to complete his happiness; but his wife, wiser than he, thought they needed a dog—a nice Newfoundland—to play with the children, fish them out when they fell into the canal, and watch the deckhands when the captain was off after groceries.

Coming through West Utica on Saturday, the captain bought a nice Newfoundland dog. He got him at a bargain; in fact, he got him for nothing, so to speak, because the man who owned the dog was not around at the time the bargain was made. The captain had the dog, but still he was not happy. The dog had a way of barking at passing crafts, and so drew upon his captain's boat frequent showers of coal and wood, and he would dive down the steep steps into the cabin suddenly and upset the captain's wife. Once he lit right on the table and spoiled a pound of butter, and he was altogether too playful.

Yesterday the captain, who is a pious man, tied up, and put out his plank just east of the city, and started with his children to go to the park and to observe the day after the manner of the vicinity. The dog started, too, and as soon as he got on shore he began to caper and wag his tail, and so wagged one of the children flat on its blessed back. The baby yelled and the captain made some tender remarks as he set it on its plump feet, and some other remarks as he shook his fist at the dog. The dog misunderstood the man and came running back, full of fun, and made a jump to lick his face. He missed the man, but he knocked the other child into the canal, and the father, without waiting to make any remarks, jumped in after it. The dog, being to the water born, knew just what to do, and he went eavorting off to get a good headway, barking to himself at every jump, and just as the man got to the top of the water with his darling child, the dog took a flying leap of about twenty feet, and struck on top of the man. Well, the water that man spurted around was boiling hot with the oaths he spluttered with it, and his wife pranced around on the deck of the boat, and flung a pole to the old man, which the dog promptly dragged and pulled ashore, and the captain was nearly drowned before he trod the shore again.

The dog is an intelligent animal—very intelligent indeed; and just as soon as he saw that mariner's face he knew that something was wrong, so he slunk up the plank on board. The captain gathered what loose granite and lumber he could in a hurried but earnest search, and marched up the plank, the grimlest figure of Neptune ever done in Mohawk Valley mud. As soon as he got on board he opened a hot fire

on the dog, and that sagacious brute went yelping through the forward hatch, and stuck in the bunk, where the mate lay musing about the devil. When the mate saw the dog he thought the evil one had come for him sure enough, and he braced himself for one last fight, so that when the captain jumped down in pursuit of the dog, there was a mutual misunderstanding all around. The captain's wife looked down and tried to explain, but there was a confused whirlpool of bunk boards and hair, and bedding, and legs and arms, with an occasional infusion of dog, that it seemed idle to waste her breath in talking to such a circus.

To-day the bow of that fatal craft cuts the water solemnly, and at the helm stands the wreck of that captain, fastened together with strips of plaster, and smelling of liniment, and ever and anon he surrenders the rudder to his wife, while he goes forward to hammer a dejected dog, which is for sale, or to listen to the meanings of the maniac confined under the forward hatch.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG SIDES.—Like most garments, like most carpets, everything has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it round find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it round find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

BADMINTON GAME.—The game of battledore and shuttlecock is becoming popular in certain high circles of society, where it is known as "Badminton." The game is played by forming two courts, which are separated by a cord; sides are chosen; the winners of the toss select their court, and endeavor to direct the shuttlecock into their adversaries' court to an unguarded point, from whence it cannot be returned over the string. The shuttlecock must be kept "alive," and whichever side allows it to drop in their court loses a point, fifteen points being "game."

A GREAT ACTRESS' CONSIDERATION.—A writer says that Charlotte Cushman's "hair is white, but her heart is young, her complexion fresh, her step firm, her mind bright, and her memory retentive. She commands attention by her ability, and wins and holds affection by her simple manners and honest enthusiasm. I am glad to repeat that she has grown wealthy, and that she is a property holder in Philadelphia, New York, Rhode Island, and I think in Rome, because she uses what is her own for the benefit of those who share her friendship and deserve her charity. And what sheds a rich lustre on her character is the kindness with which she treats her own profession. I said to her: 'You are now alone in your great art—your fame has no competitor. Where shall we find an equal to succeed you?' 'No, my good friend,' was her sweet reply, 'nobody is indispensable. Mme. Janauschek is my equal, and, besides, she is younger, and so handsome.'

NEVER GIVE UP.—Who are our rich men—our distinguished men—our most useful men? Those who have been cast down but not destroyed—who, when the breeze of adversity swept away their props, sought new standards, pushed on, looked up and became what you behold them now. A glorious sentence and worthy to be inspired—Never give up! Men are not made—they make themselves. A steady perseverance, a determination never to sink though millstones were hanged about thy neck is the true doctrine. It is this that has made the wilderness blossom, that has given wings to the ocean, filled valleys, levelled mountains, and built up the great cities of the world. Who then is a coward and yields simpering before the blast? Who is a suckling and cowers before a cloud? Is it you, young man, stout, strong and healthy as you are? Shame—shame on you! You are big enough to possess an iron heart, and to break down mountains at a blow. Up and let this be a day of your redemption. Resolve to be a coward no longer, even if you are obliged to stand with a red-hot iron upon your brow. Never give up!

SHAKESPEARE'S SKULLS.—A certain man, whose scientific tastes led him to collect the skulls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accustomed to deal.

"What do you bring me here?" asked the baron, as the man slowly unwrapped a carefully enveloped package.

"The skull of Shakespeare."

"Impossible!"

"I speak the truth, monsieur le baron. Here is proof of what I say," said the dealer, producing some papers.

"But," replied the baron, drawing aside the drapery which concealed his own singular collection, "I already possess that skull."

"He must have been a rogue who sold you that," was the remark of the honest dealer. "Who was it, monsieur?"

"Your father," said the baron, in a mild tone; "he sold it to me about twenty-nine years ago."

The broker was, for the moment, disconcerted, then he exclaimed, with vivacity:

"I comprehend. Be good enough to observe the small dimensions of the skull on your shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the undeveloped forehead, where intelligence is still mute. It is of Shakespeare certainly, but of Shakespeare as a child about twelve or fourteen years old; whereas this is of Shakespeare when he had at-

tained a certain age and had become the great genius of which England is so justly proud."

The connoisseur bought the second head.

WOMAN ON THE TRAIN.—She comes down to the depot in an express wagon three hours before train time. She insists on sitting on her trunk, out on the platform to keep it from being stolen. She picks up her reticule, fan, parasol, lunch-basket, small pot with a house-plant in it, shawl, paper bag of candy, bouquet, (she never travels without one), small tumbler, and extra veil, and chases hysterically after every switch engine that goes by, under the impression that it is her train. Her voice trembles as she presents herself at the restaurant and tries to buy a ticket, and she knocks with the handle of her parasol at the old, disused tool-house in vain hopes that the baggage man will come out and check her trunk. She asks everybody in the depot and on the platform when her train will start, and where it will stand, and looking straight at the great clock, says: "What time is it now?"

She sees with terror the baggage-man shy her trunk into a car where two men are smoking, instead of locking it up by itself in a large, strong, brown car with "Bad order shops," chalked on the side, which she has long ago determined to be the baggage-car, as the only safe one in sight. Although the first at depot, she sits to the end of her journey in an agony of apprehension that she has got on the wrong train, and will be landed at some strange station, put in a close carriage, drugged, and murdered, and to every last male passenger who walks down the aisle she stands up and presents her ticket, which she invariably carries in her hand. She finally recognizes her waiting friends on the platform, leaves the car in a burst of gratitude, and the train is ten miles away before she remembers that her reticule, fan, parasol, lunch-basket, verbena, shawl, candy, tumbler, veil, and bouquet are on the car-seat where she has left them, or in the depot at Peoria, for the life of her she can't tell which.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

ARTIFICIAL BUTTER.—This article who is manufactured in New York gives satisfaction.

WHY A KEROSENE LAMP EXPLODES.—Generally there is a leak; and when the oil gets low, the space above it is filled with gas, which is thus readily inflamed. In the case of very poor oil, the heat is sufficient to cause explosion.

MILDEW.—Mildew consists of microscopic fungi, the growth of which is produced by moisture and a close atmosphere. A remedy for mildewed linen is as follows: Soap the surface of the articles well and rub into them, while wet, finely powdered chalk.

ENAMELING.—Iron vessels are enamelled by first cleaning with dilute sulphuric acid; the porcelain mixture is then applied in the form of a paste consisting of calcined ground flints, borax and potter's clay; and when this coating has set or become firm, the enamel is sifted over the surface, and then fused in a furnace.

JAR BY LIGHTNING.—When we see a chain of lightning pass from the clouds to the ground, say at a distance of four miles, we feel no jar until we hear the report. What is it that causes the jar and makes the windows rattle? Is it caused by the sound passing through the air, or is it caused by the electricity coming in contact with the earth? The jar is probably due to the disturbance of the air.

HOAR FROST.—Hoar frost is frozen dew, and is never formed at a higher temperature than 32° Fahrenheit. It is true, however, that a thermometer placed in the vicinity might mark a higher temperature, because frost is sometimes formed by rapid evaporation of moisture from the surface of the ground, so that the temperature is lower than that of the surrounding atmosphere. But if some of the frost were collected and placed on the bulb of the thermometer, it would cause the mercury to fall to 32°.

OMNIBUS IMPROVEMENTS.—A new omnibus is shortly to be introduced into London supplied with an ingenious mechanical contrivance for registering every person who enters and leaves the vehicle. It is also to be provided with an awning for the comfort of outside passengers. At last the omnibus proprietors have decided to provide their vehicles with patent brakes. It has been a source of wonder to every sensible man for a long while why this simple contrivance should not have been adopted to save the terrible strain upon the collars of the horses.

EFFECT OF MANURE ON WEEDS.—The application of manures suited to particular kinds of cultivated plants appears to have an excellent effect in checking the growth of weeds, which would otherwise prove injurious. In regard to clover, it was found that when the land was wholly unmanured the weeds formed 57 per cent. of the entire yield; but that the application of gypsum reduced the proportion of weeds to 2 per cent. Nitrogenous manures had very slight effect, and phosphatic manures but little more. We must not from this, however, consider gypsum as an antidote to weeds in general, since it is a specific manure for clover, and gives it a power to struggle successfully with the weeds, and crowd them out.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN TELEGRAPHY.—The *Scotsman* reports a most important discovery in telegraphy, which enables the operator to send two messages in opposite directions through the cable at once. It has been actually used on a section of the Eastern Telegraphs' line, between Lisbon and Gibraltar, and Malta and Alexandria, and can be applied, the opera-

tors believe, to much longer sections. We sincerely hope it will, and that the public will at last get communication between England and India at reasonable rates. To business men price may make little difference, but to the public a rate of £4 for ten words is practically prohibitory. We want a communication at two shillings a word as the maximum rate of charge.

DISINFECTANTS.—Herr Eckstein, of Vienna, strongly recommends chloride of lime as the cheapest and best of all disinfectants. His experiments with various substances used for this purpose show some curious results. Thus, two pounds of sulphate of iron, dissolved in water and poured into a saucer, at first liberated sulphurated hydrogen, and after twelve hours no longer produced any effect; a solution of sulphate of copper behaved in the same manner; two pounds of crystals of green vitriol retained its action for two days; a mixture of sulphates of iron and copper and carbolic acid lasted two days; sulphurous acid was suffocating, and ceased to act in one day; and carbolic acid produced a worse odour in the house than the bad gases that proceeded from the sewer.

HOW TO MAKE MUCILAGE.—The ordinary mucilage sold at the stationers is far inferior to the old fashioned solution of gum arabic. This mucilage seems to be a solution of dextrin of British gum. Dextrin is formed by the action of dilute boiling acids, or by an infusion of malt at about 160° Fah., on starch. It is also formed when potato starch is exposed to a heat of about 400° Fah. You can make gum dextrin, on the large scale, by observing the following process and proportions: Malt (crushed small) 1 lb., warm water 2 gal., mix, heat the whole to 145° Fah., add potato starch 5 lbs., raise the heat to 160° or 165° Fah., mash for 25 minutes, or until liquid becomes thin and clear. Then instantly run off and raise to boiling point to prevent formation of sugar. After boiling 3 or 4 minutes, filter and evaporate to dryness by steam heat.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

A CONNECTICUT editor offers to vaccinate, free of charge, all new prepaying subscribers to his paper.

"WHAT'S the use of trying to be honest?" asked a young man the other day of a friend. "Oh, you ought to try it once to see!" was the reply.

A FACETIOUS Massachusetts grocer announces on a placard at the door "A fresh invoice of choice lickers," when he receives a new lot of smoked tongues.

A BRIDEGROOM sent an account of his wedding to the village paper, and was mortified when "the lady's wedding trousseau" came out in print "the wedding trousers."

A YOUNG student wants us to tell him, if W-o-r-c-e-s-t-er spells Wooster, why R-o-c-h-e-s-t-er don't spell Rooster. We give it up, as we are not engaged in getting up dictionaries.

"I DECLARE mother," said a pretty little girl in a pretty little way, "tis too bad! you always send me to bed when I am not sleepy; and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!"

A FASCINATING young lady at one of our resorts, on being asked recently if she had ever read Shakespeare, tossed her pretty head with the answer: "Shakespeare? Of course I have; I read that when it first came out."

AN assessor asked a woman how many chickens she had, and, doubting her word, proceeded to count them. She took him to the beehive, kicked it over, and invited him to count the bees. He'll take a woman's word the next time.

AN Indiana man claims to have succeeded in playing a thorough confidence game upon the potato-bug. He planted a grain of corn in each potato hill, and as the corn came up first, the bugs thought it was a corn field, and started for other scenes.

POLITE GENTLEMAN.— "Good morning, sir. How do you find yourself to-day?" Deaf gentleman: "Very stormy and disagreeable." Polite gentleman (slightly astonished, but determined to recover lost ground): "Indeed! How is your good wife, sir?" Deaf gentleman: "Very blustering, indeed."

AN URCHIN of seven years went into a barber's shop, a little while back, and ordered the barber to cut his hair as short as the shears could do it. He was asked if his mother ordered it in that way. "No," replied he; "school begins next week, and we have got a schoolmistress that pulls hair."

AT a Village church on Sunday, while the organ was playing vociferously, a good lady whispering to her neighbour in the pew, had to raise her voice quite high in order to be heard. Suddenly the organ changed from loud to soft, when the lady, not taking notice of the organ, was heard to say to her friend, "we fry ours in butter."

"I SAW," says a reporter, "a dog bite a man in the leg in the market. The man laughed and the dog bit, and it was a queer sight to look at, for the harder the dog bit the louder the man laughed, until the dog fainted away from exhaustion. It was the best sell on a dog that I ever met with in this section. The man had a cork leg, and the dog left his teeth sticking in it."

OUR PUZZLER.

137. PUNIANIA.

In olden times the heathen knelt;
With first unto my second;
Charles Dickens the total of renown
Should ever be rightly reckon'd.

138. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A servant; a woman's name; a mechanical power; a mechanical power; leguminous plants.

2. A Biblical personage; a robber; a bird; to turn aside; a division of the year.

3. An early British poet; a principle existing in the atmosphere; an important part of mankind; to pass a Bill into law; periodical payments.

139. ARITHMOREM.

500 and jug herb; 350 feet a hen; 600 hear the art; 1,556 o nay we want; 510 or few; 1,550 aho; 102 th' gown; 51 kark f; 101 hags sea; 500 r ass ran; 150 sea went; 100 ken gore; 5 nc rent; 1,001 sork rk; 101 horn w; 50 saw gog; 1,000 ah poke not; 50 eng; 1,100 the oat; 1,001 hang not; 102 ken nen. The initials, read downwards, name a famous German poet.

140. LITTLE CHARADES.

1. My first is liquid, my second is a fish, and my whole is to adorn.
2. My second is a liquid, my first is peace, and my whole is limit.
3. My first is liquid, my second is a fish, and my whole an hint.
4. My second is a liquid, my first is to lengthen, and my whole is to enclose.
5. My first is liquid, my second is noble, and my whole is to chirp.

141. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A train left A at noon and travelled 48 miles per hour for a certain distance, and then stopped; but if it had gone $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles further it would have met a train which left B at 12.25, and travelled 36 miles per hour at one-third of the distance from B to A. How far from B was the first train when it stopped?

142. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

- 151 and or hope (a town of India).
 - 1000 " a sea rogue (a river of Bolivia).
 - 2101 " be burst (a small fish).
 - 1051 " a true ran (a color)
 - 601 " Annie R (a Spartan king)
 - 500 " stray (a seaport of Scotland)
 - 601 " fast pies (an eastern suburb of London)
 - 101 " or top (a piazza)
 - 50 " a rue (a town of Hungary)
 - 51 " go stone (an innovator in theology)
 - 100 " ah so (an attendant)
 - 1000 " Eer in (an animal)
 - 500 " nor ye (an English admiral).
- The initials and finals, read downwards, will name two British poets.

143. CHARADE.

In every house my first is seen,
And if you it would find,
You certainly my next must do
To bring it to your mind.
Then if you feel in want of food,
To total you must fly;
Where you will quickly find you can
Your hungry want supply.

144. LOGOGRAPH.

When the ground with snow is covered,
When the rivers cease to flow,
Bound by icy fetters strong,
Total then I've tried to do.

But, if it is transposed aright,
It will reveal a poet's name,
Which may, without a doubt, be found
Inscribed upon the roll of fame.

Transpose again, then you will see
That it in butchers' shops is found.
Once more transpose, and then behold
What is often driven in the ground.

Take off its head, then what is left
May be defined as being to seize;
Transpose the same, and it will show
The name of noted foreign trees.

Transpose again, and lo! the change
Will give a lady's pretty name;
Restore its head, remove its tail,
Transpose, a burden 'twill proclaim.

Behead once more, then quickly see
What means to claim or to demand;
And, finally its tail cut off,
Then as an adverb it will stand.

145. SQUARE WORDS.

1. To banter; a method; farewell; grains; confidence.
2. An entrance; a medley; a sore; rows; an animal.

146. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

- In the heat and din of battle,
'Midst the cannons' roar and rattle,
A soldier shouts, with great delight,
'Tis ours, 'tis ours, we've won the fight!"
1. Though this is far from king or queen,
With every sovereign it is seen.
 2. This is a short, but well-known word,
Which by a squire is often heard.
 3. With me, no doubt, you will agree
That these from all untruths are free.
 4. When contending armies meet,
This one side gains—the rest retreat.
 5. When by the stream of sunny hue,
This one below you oft may view.
 6. You'll find in this a source of light—
That is, if it be solved aright.
 7. In every eyebrow this is seen,
Though on your face it ne'er has been.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Oct. 25th, 1873.

* * * All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

* * * We should be happy to receive a few unpublished two-move or three-move problems for "Caisca's Casket."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. A. BROWNSON, JR., Dubuque, Iowa.—A copy of the FAVORITE has been ordered to your address. Many thanks for your kindly notice of our efforts.

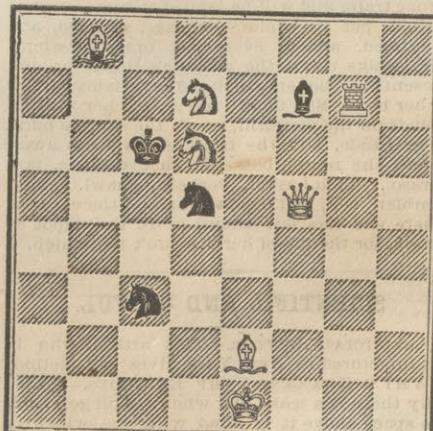
DR. GOLD, Vienna, Austria.—We avail ourselves this week of two of your fine compositions, and shall heartily welcome any further contributions you may feel disposed to favor us with.

ALPHA. Whitby.—Solution to No. 9 is correct. In No. 10, if Black replies Kt. to Q. B. 5th to your proposed key move B to Q. Kt. 5th, I don't see a mate. Be good enough to look it over again. Those promised three moves did not arrive.

PROBLEM No. 13.

BY DR. GOLD.

BLACK.



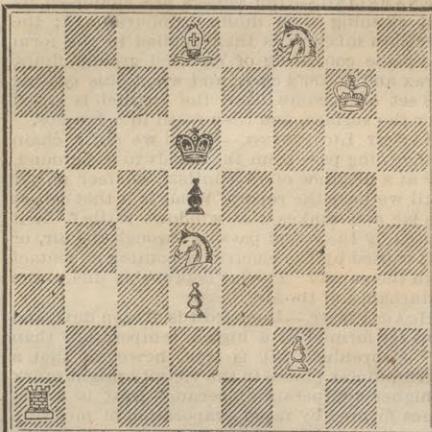
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 14.

BY DR. GOLD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 11.

White.

Black.

1. Q. takes B.
2. Q. or Kt. mates.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 12.

White.

Black.

1. K. to K. 4th
2. Kt. mates.

INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.

BY "CHECKMATE."

GAME NO. 7.

The following game was contested some years ago by Mr. Barnes against Mr. Paul Morphy:

Philidor Defence.

White.

Black.

1. P. to K. 4th
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd
3. P. to Q. 4th
4. P. takes K. P.

This 4th move for Black was Philidor's favorite mode of continuing his own opening, and was very frequently adopted by the celebrated Morphy against powerful opponents. It is, however, generally conceded that it is a hazardous line of play, requiring the exercise of the greatest caution to secure an even game with players of skill and experience.

4. P. takes K. P.

The attack often plays here 4. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.

4. P. takes K. P.

This is Black's best move. If he take the other Pawn with Pawn, White forces an exchange of Queens, and the defence loses the advantage of Castling.

5. Kt. to K. Kt. 5th 5. P. to Q. 4th

Defending the new K. P. attacked by the Kt., and preventing B. to Q. B. 4th.

6. P. to K. 6th

Placing it where it may be more readily supported, and where it considerably hampers Black's game.

6. B. to Q. B. 4th

Kt. to K. R. 3rd is frequently played at this stage, to which the attack responds with 7. P. to K. B. 3rd, or 7. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.

7. Kt. to K. B. 7th

Forking on the Q. and R. The proper move, however, is 7. Kt. takes P., followed, if Black take it with the P., by 8. Q. to R. 5th ch., taking the B. next move, thus winning back the piece.

7. Q. to K. B. 3rd

White dare not take the R. he has attacked, on account of the mate Black threatens him.

8. B. to K. 3rd

Black plays his men excellently, and has already a sure game.

15. Kt. to Q. R. 3rd 15. B. takes P.

An unfortunate error, which sacrifices his Queen and almost instantly loses the game. His best move, perhaps, is Kt. to K. 5th.

16. Kt. to Q. 6th ch

17. Q. takes Kt.

He must thus lose his Queen or suffer mate in two moves.

18. Castles 18. B. takes Kt.

19. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd

Of course if he take B. Black would mate at once.

20. K. to Kt. 1st 20. B. to Q. 7th ch

21. Kt. to K. 5th 21. K. to K. B. 1st

22. Kt. to Q. 3rd 22. R. to K. 1st

23. Kt. takes B. 23. Q. takes R.

And Black wins. Our young readers who cannot at once perceive how this move shows a win, should devote a little study to the position, and if still they cannot see it, we shall be happy to enlighten them.

GAME NO. 8.

The following game was played at the recent American Chess Congress:

Philidor Defence.

Black. White.

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| MR. JOHNSTON. | MR. WARE. |
| 1. P. to K. 4th | 1. P. to K. 4th |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd | 2. P. to Q. 3rd |
| 3. B. to Q. B. 4th | |

We have here a variation of this opening often played, but not nearly so successful as the usual move of 3. P. to Q. 4th.

3. B. to K. 2nd

To prevent the advance of the attacks of K. Kt. to his 5th after P. to Q. 3rd. With the same object in view the defence may play either of the following moves: P. to Q. B. 3rd, B. to K. Kt. 5th, B. to K. 3rd, or the Lopez counter gambit, P. to K. B. 4th; but the move in the text is probably the very best that can be adopted.

4. P. to Q. B. 3rd

He might have played P. to Q. 4th with advantage, instead of this.

4. Kt. to K. B. 3rd

It is usual here to play P. to Q. 3rd. It appears to me that Black by the move in the text compromises the entire game—lays the foundation of all his after-troubles.

5. Castles

To prevent Kt. takes K. P. Had he left his Queen at home, and moved his Q. P. earlier, he might now have castled with an excellent game.

6. P. to K. R. 3rd

Lest Black should advance his Kt. to Kt. 5th.

7. P. to Q. R. 4th

In anticipation of an attack from White's Q. Ps., and to prepare a refuge for the exposed pieces.

7. P. to Q. B. 3rd

8. P. to Q. 4th

9. P. takes P.

10. B. to Kt. 3rd

11. B. to Q. B. 2nd

12. P. to Q. Kt. 4th

13. Kt. to Q. 2nd

14. B. takes P.

15. Q. to Kt. 2nd

16. Q. takes P.

17. Q. to B. 2nd

18. Q. to Q. 1st

19. P. to K. B. 3rd

20. P. takes Kt.

21. B. to R. 3rd

22. B. takes P.

23. B. takes P.

24. B. takes P.

25. Kt. takes P. ch

26. Q. takes P.

27. B. takes P.

28. And wins.

His forces were badly cramped before, and this only makes them more so. If he had now played Kt. to Q. 4th the advance of the Q. P. might have been prevented until he could remove his Queen to a safer position.

The unfortunate creature; she ran away with a Bishop, who with her assistance expected to do wonders, and, after a long series of buffettings, has returned home without her partner, to witness the disgrace of her rightful lord and his subjects.

18. B. to K. Kt. 5th

19. Kt. takes P. ch